

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SIXPENCE.

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## THE ARREST OF THE ENEMY CONSULS AT SALONIKA: GENERAL SARRAIL LEAVING THE GERMAN CONSULATE.

General Sarraill, who, as we note elsewhere, has been appointed to the supreme command of the Franco-British forces at Salonika, gave a foretaste of his decision of character and fearless readiness to assume responsibility by his prompt dealing with the enemy Consuls at Salonika. An account of that appears on another page. His more recent act, the blowing up of the Greek railway bridges between Salonika and the frontier on

his own authority, testifies yet further to his resourceful firmness and capacity in emergency. General Sarraill had knowledge of the treacherous activities of the four enemy Consulates at Salonika well in advance, but held his hand. Then, on the enemy aeroplane raid over Salonika taking place, he acted without hesitation by arresting the plotters of internal trouble, the German, Austrian, Turkish, and Bulgarian Consuls.

AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY TOPICAL.



## HOLLAND IN FLOOD.

(See Illustrations on Page 122.)

HOLLAND is in a constant state of siege by the waters, and sits as securely entrenched against them as the engineering science of her *Watersstaat* can make her. This *Watersstaat*—the origin, history, and duties of which it would take volumes to expound—is briefly, as its name suggests, a Government department charged with looking after the state of the waters. What it does not know about diking and draining, enclosing and reclaiming, and the whole art of impoldering, may be assumed to be very superfluous knowledge indeed. Every now and then, however—some say in cycles of ten or eleven years—this wonderful corps of engineers is surprised by the enemy in a sudden attack which finds out weak spots in the defence. This happened last week when the Zuider Zee dike was pierced, and the lands within it were inundated in consequence. From the news so far, we cannot yet estimate the extent of the submerged area in this region. The earliest reports spoke of the whole of North Holland being in danger, meaning thereby the province of that name. Not only North Holland, but South Holland also, as well as the islands of Zeeland and tracts of country to the east, are always in danger from the bursting of the sea-dikes—they all lie, that is to say, at, or only a little above, or anything to fifteen feet below, the sea-level at Amsterdam. If the Zuider Zee dike had really failed it, then North Holland would assuredly be at the mercy of intruding waters. But although later news confirms its breach at several points, and describes scenes of panic and heroism and headlong flight significantly far inland, it is still not necessary to contemplate such a wholesale disaster as the submersion of an entire province. Nevertheless, though falling short of that, this latest Dutch flood has been more than an unusually serious menace. The constantly threatening danger was realised; the enemy broke in. It appears to have been held and repulsed, but not before doing enormous and extensive damage.

It is possible that we have received more copious reports about this particular inundation, and have read them with a certain exaggeration, because the scene of it is familiar to all holiday-makers in Holland. Its dramatic incidents, at any rate, come more vividly to the eye on that account. The threatened portion of the great dike surrounding the Zuider Zee is actually a broad, well-trodden tourist highway, north and east of Amsterdam. Both Marken and Volendam, places of tripper renown, have suffered badly. A reader with recollections of the picturesque but odorous journey by canal to the latter fishing village can imagine the stampede of its inhabitants to Edam when they woke up to find themselves awash. If he visited Marken, as he almost certainly would, he must have had pointed out to him *terpen*, or mounds of safety, existing for this emergency of flood. Of so suspect a show-place he may be glad to realise that some things are genuinely the articles the enterprising natives advertised them to be. It was, no doubt, owing to the suddenness of a night attack that several lives were lost at Marken; otherwise we must suppose that last week's flood rose to quite unprecedented height. (Of another Zuider Zee island, Urk, no news has come so far, yet we are especially interested in it, for there some of our interned officers occupy quarters that must be most uncomfortable even in the fairest weather.) But the real significance of this flood will best be understood by those who, as they read of the scenes at Broek or at Purmurend, can recall the picture of scores of such places, deep in their sleepy hollows in the threatened polderland. When the church bells rang out a warning that Waterland and the Bermsster and the Wormster were in flood, then the fate of North Holland was really in the balance.

## THE GREAT DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

A GOOD many readers will have been surprised to find Mr. Edward Thomas's name on the title-page of a "Life of the Duke of Marlborough" (Chapman and Hall). It does not seem, and indeed it obviously is not, exactly his book. Some of them may have wondered still more when they did not discover him pointing out in a preface that (as is, of course, the case) he does not profess expert military criticism. We are glad at the absence of that preface, considering it to be a recognition of how little residue, after all, of mere professional soldier there is left in any great General once the man has been exhausted. Something, no doubt, there is; but it may be questioned whether the military writer, with his scientific explanations and plans of battlefields, ever conveys its real quality, or does more than suggest, erroneously, that there are vital factors in such a study which are revealed to him, but necessarily hid from the understanding of the layman. And from the whole experiment of this volume one is emboldened to draw the conclusion that it would be a very good thing did authors with Mr. Thomas's skill more frequently venture upon new fields and commit themselves to books that are not obviously theirs. At least in these pages Marlborough does come to life. A complex and at the same time very simple character is throughout them pursued with much ardour of interest, and, as far as may be, brought to light in the end. The revelation is not at all new, though it is suggestive by being newly arrived at. The Marlborough on which the world has already made up its mind is very much the Marlborough of Mr. Thomas, who opines that the world's opinion is always likely enough to be right about a man who is neither a hero nor a saint. "He was a great soldier and diplomatist, and he was devoted to his wife; but he was neither honest nor generous." His greatest gifts were a handsome person and irresistible grace and charm; yet these, says the author in effect, have served only to bring into relief his meanness, and but for his meanness the verdict of the world might have been far different. If this looks a little like arguing in a circle, it may be conceded that the motives of men also seem to work in a circle, and that the last thing to be expected of a character of Marlborough's calibre—especially remembering the school in which it was formed—is a perfectly logical explanation of itself. And to the perception of this, in fact, is due the engaging humour with which Mr. Thomas lightens his subject.

## DE WET AND HIS EXPLOITS.

IN "The Capture of De Wet" (Edward Arnold) Mr. Philip J. Sampson has produced a really absorbing book. This he has done through intimate knowledge of the events leading up to the South African rebellion of 1914, and of those who directed and headed it. De Wet himself we all know; but as a matter of fact, although his authority remained great, De Wet, raging because of a five-shilling fine for his treatment of a native, cut only a poor figure on this latest stage of his exploits. Like Delarey, he leaves the impression of an old lion with his teeth drawn, and it is a painful one to receive of a foe who had once successfully challenged our admiration. Two other figures in the book, General Botha and General J. C. Smuts, are, of course, familiar: as presented by Mr. Sampson, they strike us afresh by the allied purpose and brain already revealed not only in their actions, but also in their speeches and in their correspondence, which in this volume is more fully disclosed. On the other hand, here are lifelike representations of less well-known men among the rebels, such as Commandant-General Beyers, the Predikant Van Broekhuizen, Kemp, Maritz, "Jack" Pienaar, and "Japie" Fourie. We are given illuminative glimpses of the characters of these men, so different in quality, and an understanding of the no less diverse motives which led them to "up-saddle" together. It is a good thing in particular that the true position of the last-named should be recorded; for, though Mr. Sampson does not say so, "Japie" Fourie's case has been misrepresented and exploited for the purpose of reopening old sores by a section of the Dutch Press in Europe. That Fourie was single-minded, whereas many of his companions in rebellion were not, may be admitted, and also that he had the courage of his fanaticism, in contrast with certain other Nationalists no less bitter who carefully saved their skins. But Fourie was a Captain in the Active Citizen Force, and failure to recognise the nature of treachery of his kind is not greatly to the credit of the newspapers in question. The story of the accidental shooting of Delarey and that of the drowning of Beyers have something of a fatalistic element in them, heightened by association with the visions of the prophetic ancient, Van Rensburg; and Mr. Sampson retells them both very graphically. Indeed, he handles his material extremely cleverly, in the chapters on military operations as well as in those on the preliminaries. That the Germans were at the back of the affair no one can doubt, any more than that it never had a chance—at any rate, after Delarey's tragic death. It was—as General Smuts said in the characteristic manner which makes him not always beloved by his compatriots—only a five-shillings rebellion. But ethically it was of importance, and well worth being chronicled as Mr. Sampson has done it here.

## AT THE BOOKSELLERS.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

- Aeroplanes and Airships. W. E. Donmett. 15. net. (Whittaker).  
 Fighting France: From Dunkerque to Belfort. Edith Wharton. 5s. net. (Macmillan).  
 South-West Africa (1884-1914). A. F. Calvert. 5s. net. (Werner Laurie).  
 Europe in Arms: A Concise History of the Great European War. Everard Wyrall. Vol. I. 10s. net. (Wright).  
 Poland: A Study in National Idealism. Monica Gardner. 3s. 6d. net. (Burns and Oates).  
 The Way They Have in the Army. Thomas O'Toole. 2s. net. (The Bodley Head).  
 With the Fleet in the Dardanelles. W. H. Price. 1s. 6d. net. (Melrose).  
 Letters From a Field Hospital. Mabel Deamer. 2s. 6d. net. (Macmillan).  
 Towards a Lasting Settlement. Edited by Charles Roden Buxton. 2s. 6d. net. (Allen).  
 National Proverbs: Serbia. 15. net. (Palmer).  
 Submarines: Their Mechanism and Operation. F. A. Talbot. 3s. 6d. net. (Heinemann).  
 With My Regiment. By Platoon Commander. 3s. 6d. net. (Heinemann).  
 The Fighting Territorials. Percy Hurd. 15. net. ("Country Life").  
 Tales of a Dog-Out. By An Officer of the "Die-Hards." 15. (George).  
 The Kaiser's Garland. Edmund J. Sullivan. 6s. - (Heinemann).  
 Glorious Battles of English History. Major C. H. Wylly. 3s. 6d. net. (Tuck).  
 May Byron's Cake-Book. By the Author of "Pot-Luck." 2s. 6d. net. (Hodder and Stoughton).  
 Essays for Boys and Girls: A First Guide Towards the Study of the War. Stephen Paget. 5s. net. - (Macmillan).  
 The Lieutenant and Others. By "Sapper." 15. net. (Hodder and Stoughton).  
 FICTION.  
 The Confessions of a Wife Re-told from Her Diaries and Letters by A. C. L. 15. net. (Simphin, Marshall).  
 The Long Lane to Happiness. Ruby M. Ayres. 2s. net. (Hodder and Stoughton).  
 Some Further Adventures of Mr. P. J. Davenant. Lord Frederick Hamilton. 3s. 6d. net. (Nash).  
 Moonbeams from the Larger Lunacy. Stephen Leacock. 3s. 6d. net. (The Bodley Head).  
 The Individual. Muriel Hine. 6s. - (Constable).  
 The Heart of the Hills. John Fox. 6s. - (Constable).  
 The Exploits of Elaine. Arthur Reeve. 15. net. (Hodder and Stoughton).  
 Blind Understanding. Maude Annesley. 6s. - (Duckworth).  
 A Little House in War-Time. Agnes and Egerton Castle. 6s. (Constable).  
 The Kaleidoscope. The Hon. Mrs. Dowdall. 6s. - (Duckworth).  
 Dear Enemy. Jean Webster. 6s. - (Hodder and Stoughton).  
 Three Persons. By A. Peet. 6s. - (Long).  
 Boy's Father. John Ascott. 6s. - (Long).  
 The S.S. "Glory." Frederick Niven. 6s. - (Heinemann).  
 The Blows of Circumstance. Beatrice Kelston. 6s. - (Long).  
 The Romance of Princess Arnulf. Anon. 6s. - (Long).  
 The Crime Club. Frank Frost and George Dinoh. 6s. - (Nash).  
 I Pose. Stella Benson. 5s. net. - (Macmillan).  
 Betty Grier. J. L. Waugh. 3s. 6d. net. - (Chambers).  
 Laddie. Gene Stratton-Porter. 2s. 6d. - (Murray).  
 Love-Letters of An Actress. Elsie Janis. 2s. 6d. net. - (Pearson).  
 The Nameless Island. Percy F. Westerman. 2s. 6d. net. (Pearson).

## NOTE TO CONTRIBUTORS.

It is particularly requested that all SKETCHES and PHOTOGRAPHS sent to THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, especially those from abroad, be marked on the back with the name and address of the sender, as well as with the title of the subject. All Sketches and Photographs used will be paid for. The Editor cannot assume responsibility for MSS., for Photographs, or for Sketches submitted.

## NEW NOVELS.

## "Mimi's Marriage."

The original publication of "Mimi's Marriage" caused a certain liveliness in Russian, and indeed European, literary circles, and the reprint a quarter of a century later by Messrs. Fisher Unwin is well worth the attention of English readers. Much water has flowed under bridges since 1891, and what was novel then may have become commonplace to-day; but this little book remains as fresh and as human as on the day when it first saw the light. The picture of Russian society shows, to be sure, little more than that the smart set is constant in every age and country. The pearl of great price is Mimi—Mimi the eternal butterfly, the chattel of the marriage market, the costly, worthless little piece of goods round whom the social universe revolves. Sparkling is the satire with which "V. M. Mikoulitch" (a pseudonym) illuminates the empty chambers of Mimi's soul—or perhaps it would be more accurate to say the empty chambers where Mimi's soul should be, but is not. Mimi is a young girl, eager for frivolity and conquests; Mimi has her disappointment, and becomes languid and anæmic; Mimi marries the bald-headed Spiridor Wanovitch, and is bored to tears; Mimi attains a lover. There, with inimitable art, the bitter little record ends; but we are left with a perfect vision of Mimi growing old, growing vapid and tiresome, and turning squirrel-like in her gilded treadmill to the end. The woman who wrote this tiny masterpiece had no illusions about her sex.

## "Upsidonia."

Mr. Archibald Marshall, departing from the pleasant paths of the Exton Manor countryside (arguing, probably, that a novelist is a free agent, and that the time has come to assert his liberty), has written "Upsidonia" (Stanley Paul). In Upsidonia, we learn, it is a crime to give money to any man; and a social disgrace to be rich. Poverty is the goal of human ambition. Drapers enter into frantic competition with their customers to induce them to buy stock at the lowest figure; the stranger from London is hailed to justice because he attempts to corrupt a poor man by offering him a tip. The Upsidonians have gone to the end with the thing, and the dirty set are the votaries of fashion, carrying the principle of honourable rags to an extreme, and losing sight of the tradition that it was not poverty that was the essential so much as the necessity for escaping the horrible burdens of wealth. All this is pretty good fooling, but spread over a fair-sized novel it becomes rather thin. A hundred pages of Upsidonia is, we think, the limit; after that, in spite of Mr. Marshall's charm, we catch ourselves beginning to yawn. The appendix embellishes the satire with sundry notes. Thus: "P. 41—A Daylight Saving Bill had been passed some years before. . . . The necessity, however, of getting up an hour earlier than usual had made the whole populace so cross that the Government which passed the Bill was forced to resign." And so forth, and so on.

## "Bildad the Quilldriver."

The versatile talent of Mr. William Caine has found a fresh outlet. This is not the way of "But She Meant Well," that delightful comedy of errors, nor is it on the lines of "The Irresistible Intruder," the story of a small boy who not only meant well, but achieved his golden end of enlarging happiness. "Bildad the Quilldriver" (The Bodley Head) reminds us that there was once a young man of genius who wrote "The Shaving of Shagpat," that remained, an unmarketable commodity, on its publisher's hands for (if we remember rightly) something like a couple of decades. Bildad, too, belongs to the regions of Eastern extravaganzas, but on the side of rollicking farce. Mr. H. M. Bateman has contrived to catch its exact tone in his illustrations, which do much to illuminate the text. Illuminate? Yes, it amounts to that. Mr. Caine, unsupported by the artist in the adventures of Bildad, is befogged in a cloud of words. There, in fact, is the error of "Bildad the Quilldriver." It is worthy to weariness. Many people will begin it, laugh over half-a-dozen chapters, skip . . . skip, and laugh again . . . and turn to the end. A pity, for it is stuffed with good things. Perhaps Mr. Caine means it to be a test of loyalty. Certainly, those of his admirers who read it staunchly, every sentence, need make no further profession of faith in their favourite author.

## "Because of Phoebe."

Very lively is Miss Kate Horn in "Because of Phoebe" (Stanley Paul), very brisk and bright, inclining to extravagance in the way of exclamation marks, and not at all concerned with the fine details of grammatical accuracy. Phoebe is the serious daughter of a mercurial Irish mother, a priggish throw-back—or, perhaps, the true daughter of a father who is (as Mrs. Desmond might have said) out of the story before it begins. Phoebe keeps her mother in order, and is, herself, an egregious simpleton in her dealings with Roderick Fairless. We knew he was crooked even before he rummaged a complete set of Chippendale chairs out of the Whyteleaf loft and snapped them up at his own conscienceless price; but Phoebe swallowed his soft words without a suspicion of the flaw in his character. Mrs. Desmond must have neglected her daughter's education, or else the circles in which they moved were strangely unsophisticated, seeing that Phoebe had never an idea (in the twentieth century!) that Chippendale and old Chelsea had a price upon them. Fairless, naturally, goes from bad to worse; but he makes amends at the end, which allows Anne Desmond to conclude, "with shining eyes," that the world is a very good place after all. There is something engaging about Miss Horn's novel, and she has the gift of story-telling. Perhaps her next book will be more sparing with its exclamations. Their staccato effect makes for irritation on the part of the reader.



## BY GENERAL SARRAIL'S ORDERS: ENEMY CONSULS AT SALONIKA ARRESTED.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HUBERT-JACQUES.



THE SURPRISE ARREST OF THE ENEMY CONSULS AT SALONIKA: A FRENCH DETACHMENT AMBUSHED IN THE GARDEN OF THE TURKISH CONSULATE TO PREVENT ATTEMPTS AT ESCAPE.



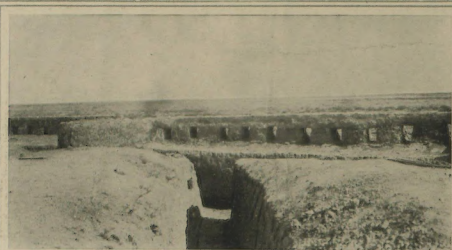
WHILE THE AUSTRO-HUNGARIAN CONSULATE WAS BEING SEARCHED: FRENCH DRAGOON SENTRIES MOUNTED ON GUARD OUTSIDE THE ENTRANCE-GATES.

The arrest of the enemy Consuls at Salonika was carried out in a dramatically swift and complete manner. Immediately General Sarrail issued the order, the Consuls' residences were surrounded by soldiers and their inmates made prisoners. It was no act on the spur of the moment. For some time information had been in General Sarrail's hands disclosing the extent of dangerous intrigues and plottings of the German, Austrian, Turkish, and Bulgarian Consuls, and their agents and spies, and elaborate arrangements for a rising within the town at a certain moment. A plan of action was prepared and was put into execution in consequence of the dangerous ferment among the

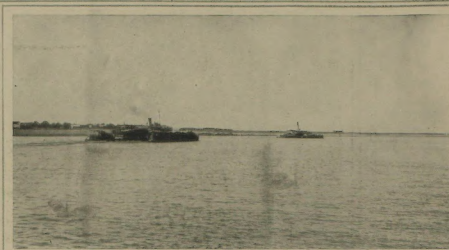
Salonika populace on the appearance of bomb-dropping enemy aeroplanes on December 30. The four Consuls were taken by surprise. They were arrested and, with their families and staffs, sixty-two persons in all, at once taken under escort to the quay, where boats were in readiness to carry them on board a battle-ship, for transport later to Toulon. The Consulates were taken over by French and British troops as billets, mounted sentries being posted at the entrance. All documents found were impounded. An arsenal of arms and munitions collected for the proposed rising was discovered later in the cellars of the Austrian Consulate. In every detail the measure has since proved to be justified.



# WHERE A BRITISH RELIEF FORCE IS FIGHTING ITS WAY TOWARDS KUT-EL-AMARA: CAMPAIGN ON THE TIGRIS.



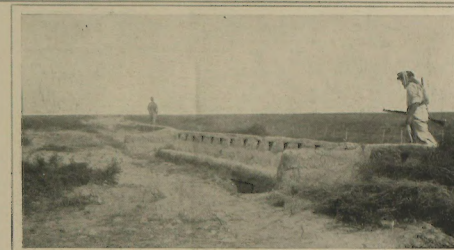
CAPTURED IN THE BRITISH ADVANCE LAST SEPTEMBER, AND RECENTLY THE SCENE OF RENEWED FIGHTING: TURKISH TRENCHES AT ES SINN, NEAR KUT.



THE NAVAL SIDE OF THE MESOPOTAMIAN EXPEDITION: RIVER STEAMERS AND BARGES CONVEYING TROOPS AND STORES UP THE TIGRIS.



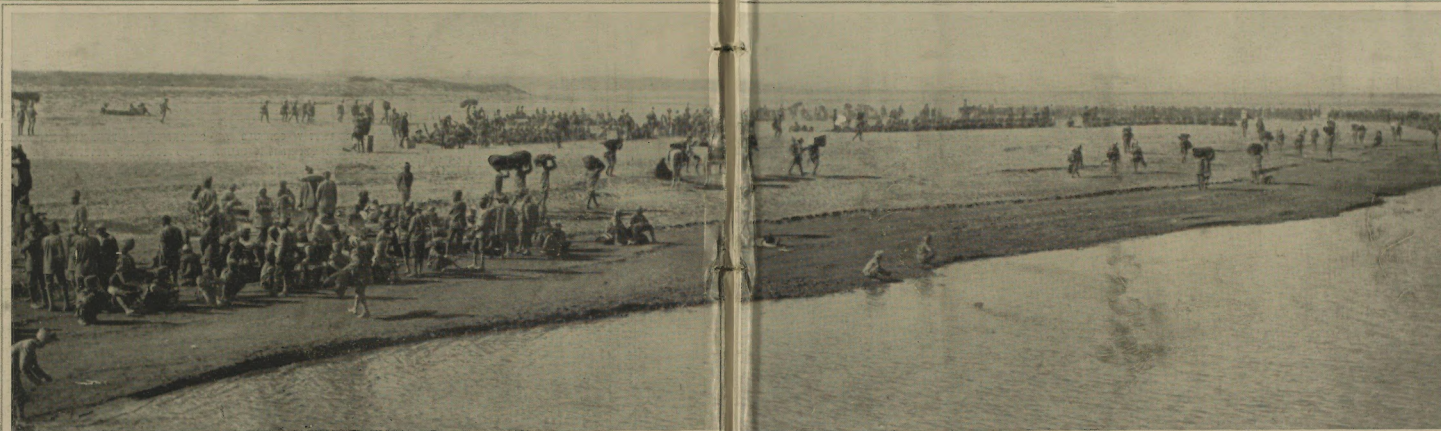
FIGHTING AS WELL IN MESOPOTAMIA AS THEIR COMRADES HAVE DONE IN FRANCE AND GALLIOLI: GURKHAS RETURNING TO CAMP IN THE EVENING.



IN THE COUNTRY WHERE THE TURKS HAVE USED GERMAN ENTRENCHING-TOOLS: TURKISH TRENCHES AT ES SINN, SIX MILES EAST OF KUT.

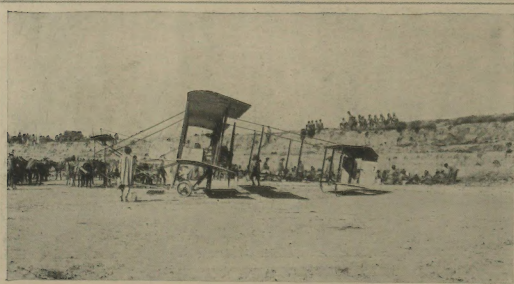
THE campaign in Mesopotamia was the subject of a question in the House of Commons on the 17th by Sir Edwin Cornwall, who asked the Prime Minister, among other things, whether he would inform the House of the policy decided upon. Mr. Chamberlain, who replied, said: "The recent operations in Mesopotamia, including the advance to Ctesiphon, were considered and approved by the War Council. It would not be in the public interest that I should make any statement as to the scope of military operations now in progress. The information for which the hon. Member asks would, under present circumstances, be much more valuable to the enemy than to this House. On the 11th inst. I announced to the House that the enemy had retired to the Es Sinn position, six miles east of Kut-el-Amara. He, however, apparently advanced again on the 12th to what is called in the telegrams the Wadi position. Since then we have received

*(Continued above.)*

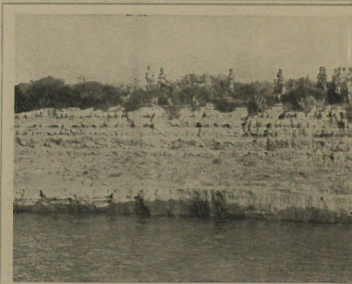


BY THE GREAT WATER-WAY THAT FORMS THE ANGLO-INDIAN LINE OF COMMUNICATIONS IN THE CAMPAIGN IN MESOPOTAMIA: TROOPS DRAWING RATIONS FROM SHIPS AND BARGES ON THE TIGRIS.

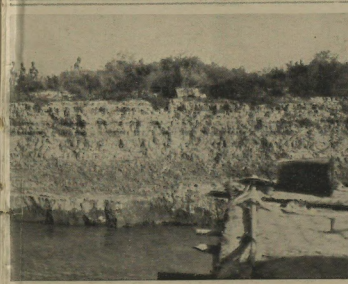
*(Continued)* telegrams from General Townshend up to the morning of the 15th, and from General Aylmer, commanding the relieving force, up to the morning of the 16th. From these telegrams it appears that on January 13 General Kemball's column, on the right bank, was holding the Turkish division in front of him while General Aylmer was pressing back the two divisions on the left bank at and about Wadi. There was continuous fighting on the 13th in the neighbourhood, and on the morning of the 14th General Aylmer reported that the enemy was again retreating, and that he himself was moving his headquarters and water-transport to the mouth of the Wadi. On the 15th he reported that the whole of the Wadi position had been captured "and" that the enemy's rear-guard was taking up a position at Es Sinn. General Aylmer's pursuit had been seriously hampered by the weather throughout . . . all the wounded have been sent down the river."



THE MOST MODERN ARM OF WARFARE IN A REGION OF ANCIENT CIVILISATIONS: A BRITISH MILITARY BIPLANE IN MESOPOTAMIA.



WHERE THE BRITISH RELIEF FORCES ARE HASTENING A PICKET ON THE



TO HELP THE BELEAGUERED GARRISON AT KUT: BANK OF THE TIGRIS.



ONE OF THE NAVAL GUNS WHICH HAVE DONE GOOD SERVICE IN THE EXPEDITION UP THE TIGRIS: A 6-POUNDER NOTCHKISS IN ACTION.

These photographs, taken by an officer serving in Mesopotamia, are particularly interesting at the moment, as they come from a part of that region which has just lately again been the scene of heavy fighting. The Turkish position at Es Sinn, for example, six miles east of Kut-el-Amara, where General Townshend's force has been besieged since the retreat from Ctesiphon, was captured during the advance up the Tigris in a battle fought on September 28 and 29. In the recent reports of the advance of the reinforcements under Generals Aylmer and Kemball to the relief of General Townshend, Es Sinn has been mentioned as the place to which the Turks retired before General Aylmer on January 11, and again on the 15th after being defeated at Wadi. Fuller particulars are given above in the statement made in Parliament on the 17th by the Secretary for India, Mr. Austen Chamberlain. A Reuter message from Delhi dated

the 16th said: "A communiqué issued here regarding the operations in Mesopotamia states that after their defeat on January 8 and 9, the Turkish force opposing General Aylmer retired to a position astride the Tigris at Orah, twenty-five miles down-stream from Kut-el-Amara. General Aylmer attacked the position on January 13, and heavy fighting continued till nightfall of that day. During the evenings of January 13 and 14 the enemy began to retire. They are being closely pressed on the east and on the north by the British force." Cabling from Basra on the 11th regarding the action at Sheikh Saad, on the 7th, Mr. Edmund Candler said: "The Turkish prisoners taken at Sheikh Saad number 600. . . German officers are reported to be with the force, and a large part of their equipment, including water-bottles and entrenching-tools, was German. . . Field-Marshal von der Goltz has been at Kut on an inspection."



# FROM A SKETCH BY OUR ARTIST WITH THE RUSSIANS THE COMING OF THE BIG GUNS THAT MEAN VICTORY.

DRAWN BY FREDERIC DE HAENEN FROM A SKETCH BY H. C. SEPPEN, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH THE RUSSIANS IN THE FIELD.



HOW THE RUSSIANS HAVE MADE GOOD THEIR PERILOUS SHORTAGE OF BIG GUNS WITH NEW GUNS OF THE MOST POWERFUL TYPE: HUGE HORSE-TEAMS HAULING THE GIANT PIECES ONCE THEY START FOR THE BATTLEFIELD.

This illustration can hardly fail to make clearer to the minds of people in this country one of the reasons—and undoubtedly the chief reason—why the resumption of a vigorous offensive by the Russian armies in Bukowina during the past weeks has been attended by well-nigh unvarying success. Incidentally it also suggests a principal cause of the general tone of confidence and assurance of victory which has of late become so marked in the Russian headquarters' despatches and in correspondents' letters from Petrograd. Want of heavy artillery, even more than a deficient supply of ammunition for other guns, was responsible for the set-backs of last spring and summer to the hitherto victorious Russian armies in Poland and Galicia, which resulted in their retreat all along the line. Six months have gone by since then, and in this time all Russia has been turned into a national munitions-factory, attention being at the same time paid to the provision of big guns of a calibre to match the German and Austrian monster ordnance to which the successes the enemy have gained have been due in the past. In the illustration some of these new Russian artillery giants—salvoes of the big shells of which, as several accounts relate, overwhelmed the Austrian entrenchments in the fortified city of the Strypa—are seen, on their arrival at one of the Russian camps. A glance at the great artillery park of heavy guns seen to the right of the drawing will give an idea of the enormous artillery strength our Russian Allies have now at length available. Their ponderous bulk may be gauged incidentally by comparing the apparent size of the guns on the left with the men and horses of the very large teams required to draw them.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]





BY G. K. CHESTERTON.

I STRONGLY object to bad arguments even for good causes—or rather, especially for good causes. And in those rare but real cases in which something like a good cause can be made out on both sides, I object to them most of all. One of these is Conscription; and, now that the practical problem is in the hands of the authorities, I think it would be well if we carted away the lumber of bad arguments that have served for barricades on both sides. To show I am not leaning here towards anything but logic, I will take two fallacies flourishing on alternate sides. First, for instance, there is not only no truth, but there is scarcely any meaning, in the statement of some Liberals that Conscription is a denial of democracy. Democracy is the achievement of what the people want; and the people have as much right to want Conscription as to want anything else. And seeing that the most democratic country in the world, our own Ally, France, not only has long had Conscription, but practically invented Conscription, it is irrational to say that the thing is against democracy, though there might be a certain sense in saying it is against liberty. Now, the old Liberal answer to the statement that France had Conscription was the perfectly fair one that she would not have it if she could help it. But as we are now admittedly in an abnormal crisis and need an abnormal army, this Liberal answer is in its turn quite fairly answered by saying that *we* also would not have it if *we* could help it, but that we can't help it. Admittedly, the thing might be necessary; and a necessary Conscription cannot in itself destroy English democracy, unless it has already destroyed French democracy.

But if the anti-Militarists put idealism in the wrong place, the Militarists do so also, in an even more sentimental and extravagant degree. I call it rank sentimentalism, for instance, to talk about the "injustice" of taking several soldiers from one family and no soldiers from another family. What we want is not "justice"—or rather, arithmetic—but soldiers, and especially good soldiers. Now, it is a known fact that good soldiers very often go in families; all of us know surnames that cover six or seven brothers and cousins practically all of whom are trusted and experienced soldiers. I can conceive nothing more unpractical, and certainly nothing more unmilitary, than to miss one of these men in order to drag somebody else out of bed, or from under the bed. Consider for a moment how the same principle would affect the higher commands in history. The nation would artificially cut down the supply of such men as Sir Charles and Sir William Napier because there were still in England members of some Quaker family who had not yet done their duty at the head of our armies. Before proceeding to the most ridiculous instance on the same side, I will recur to the unquestionable talent for fallacy which exists on the other. It may be wise, but it is really illogical, for instance, to except conscientious objectors. There is no law against which it is not possible for an individual to make a conscientious case. And there are really very few of our modern compulsory measures that have so clear a warrant as a call for physical defence in physical danger.

And now let me balance this once more with some rubbish from the other side. For the Conscriptionists

also shoot rubbish under the impression that they are shooting ammunition. A Conscriptionist in the House of Commons, representing some of the Calvinists who live in a corner of North Ireland, complained of the Irish being exempted from the scope of the compulsory proposal. He said that Ulster (by which he meant Belfast) resented being left out of it. Now I can understand how a person might resent not being allowed to be a soldier; but I cannot conceive how anybody can resent not being forced to be one. There is nothing to prevent every single male human

has been wrong, he will act as if he had been wrong. It has been so about the national sentiment of the Boers, and it will be so in this matter about the national sentiment of the Irish. The difference between Conscription and Voluntarism is comparatively a matter of form for us, who are unquestionably, as a whole, fighting because we want to. The difference is a matter of vivid and vital fact to the Irish, who have so often been made to do things when they did not want to. The Irishman must be a volunteer, not in order to show he is not a mutineer, but in order to show that he is not merely a pressed man. Unless the Irish come in freely, we shall not be able to say they came in at all. The great majority of Irishmen, rightly or wrongly, take a view of their history which makes an English demand for the assistance of the Irish very like a Turkish demand for the assistance of the Armenians. Now a situation and a line of persuasion are possible by which the Armenians might find their interests identical with those of the Turks—as, for instance, if both Islam and Armenian Christianity were being persecuted by some diabolical idolaters out of the dark heart of Asia. And I for one should say that we are fighting diabolical idolaters at present. But even then, anyone with a shade of sanity could see that the Armenians would enormously value the fact that they were rescuing their old oppressors of their own free will. And as one who is by no means disposed to whitewash the follies of our own Imperialism, I say it is exactly here that it differs from Prussian Imperialism, to its own very decisive advantage.

It is exactly this last step of active and applied stupidity that the English ruler does not take, and the Prussian ruler does take. It is not true of the Englishman, as it is of the Prussian, that if you give him rope enough he will hang himself. The Englishman will indeed tie himself and the rope in knots of the most bewildering illogicality. But just before it comes to the strangling point the Englishman will cut the Gordian knot which he is quite unable to untie. Our critics, especially our native critics, are always crying out against our lack of thoroughness. But often in history our lack was our luck. We stopped in time. We managed, in spite of everything, to be on the spot, because we consented to learn on the spot. Again and again, in English history, men have been sent out to do something and then have done something else, and something much more sensible. This may be called instinct; but, if so, instinct is only buried reason. It is an ancient enlightenment sunk deep into us by nearly two thousand years of Christian philosophy and citizenship, covered but not crushed by the mercantile coarseness and sceptical chaos of later times. It is

exactly this historic religion and citizenship that the North Germans have never had, and do not appear to want. They have no such old selves, no such deep after-thoughts. They do not silently repent, or instinctively reform. They pride themselves on carrying out their principles perfectly; and they will carry them out to the end, which is truly the bitter end. They have no thought in their heads except thoroughness. They will be thoroughly organised, thoroughly instructed, thoroughly regimented; and they will be as thoroughly ruined.

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WIFE OF THE NEW VICEROY OF INDIA: LADY CHELMSFORD.

The lady upon whom will soon devolve the social duties of Government House, Delhi, as wife of the new Viceroy and Governor-General of India, the third Baron Chelmsford, was very popular in Society before her marriage, as the Hon. Frances Charlotte Guest, daughter of the first Baron Wimborne. Her mother, Baroness Wimborne, at the time of her marriage, was Lady Cornelia Spencer-Churchill, and is an aunt of the present Duke of Marlborough. Lady Chelmsford has two sons, the elder, the Hon. Frederic Ivor Thesiger, being a Lieutenant in the Royal Artillery; and four daughters—the Hon. Joan Thesiger, born in 1895; the Hon. Anne, born in 1898; the Hon. Bridget; and the Hon. Margaret Thesiger.

Photograph by Photopress.

being in Ulster offering himself for enlistment; and the only thing he could lose would be the slight humiliation of having been made to do so.

Whatever there may be in the logic, there is much in the proposals of a really national policy; and the Irish compromise is the most English decision. The same spirit has led us to allow the release of De Wet. It is because the English really have got a residual common sense which has saved them, again and again in history, from the last and most logical extremes of idiocy. Even when the Englishman will not own he



## LORD HARDINGE'S SUCCESSOR: THE NEW VICEROY.

FROM THE PAINTING BY PHILIP A. LASZLÓ, M.V.O.



### THE KING-EMPEROR'S NEW REPRESENTATIVE IN INDIA: LORD CHELMSFORD, G.C.M.G.

Considerations of health, and the burden of a high office, having caused the resignation of Lord Hardinge, King George has appointed as his successor as Viceroy of India, at the end of March, Captain Lord Chelmsford, 4th Dorsetshire Regiment, who was with his regiment in India when the appointment was conferred upon him, and is now on his way home. Lord Chelmsford has already been his Majesty's representative in Queensland and in New South Wales,

discharging the duties with dignity and tact. He is the third holder of the title and son of the famous General who did such signal service in the Crimea, during the Indian Mutiny, in Abyssinia, and in the Kaffir and Zulu Campaigns. Our portrait is from the painting by Mr. Philip Laszló, and caused much interest at the Exhibition of the Portrait Society, at the Grosvenor Gallery, and at the International Society, Paris.



## AFTER A HIT BY AN ENEMY SHELL: A WRECKED HOUSE AT RHEIMS.

PHOTOGRAPH BY THE CLICHÉ SECTION PHOTOGRAPHIQUE OF THE FRENCH ARMY; SUPPLIED BY NEWSPAPER ILLUSTRATIONS.



TWO FLOORS AND THE ATTIC OF A HOUSE SHATTERED BY A HEAVY SHELL—THE CATHEDRAL SEEN THROUGH THE GREAT HOLE TORN BY THE EXPLOSION.

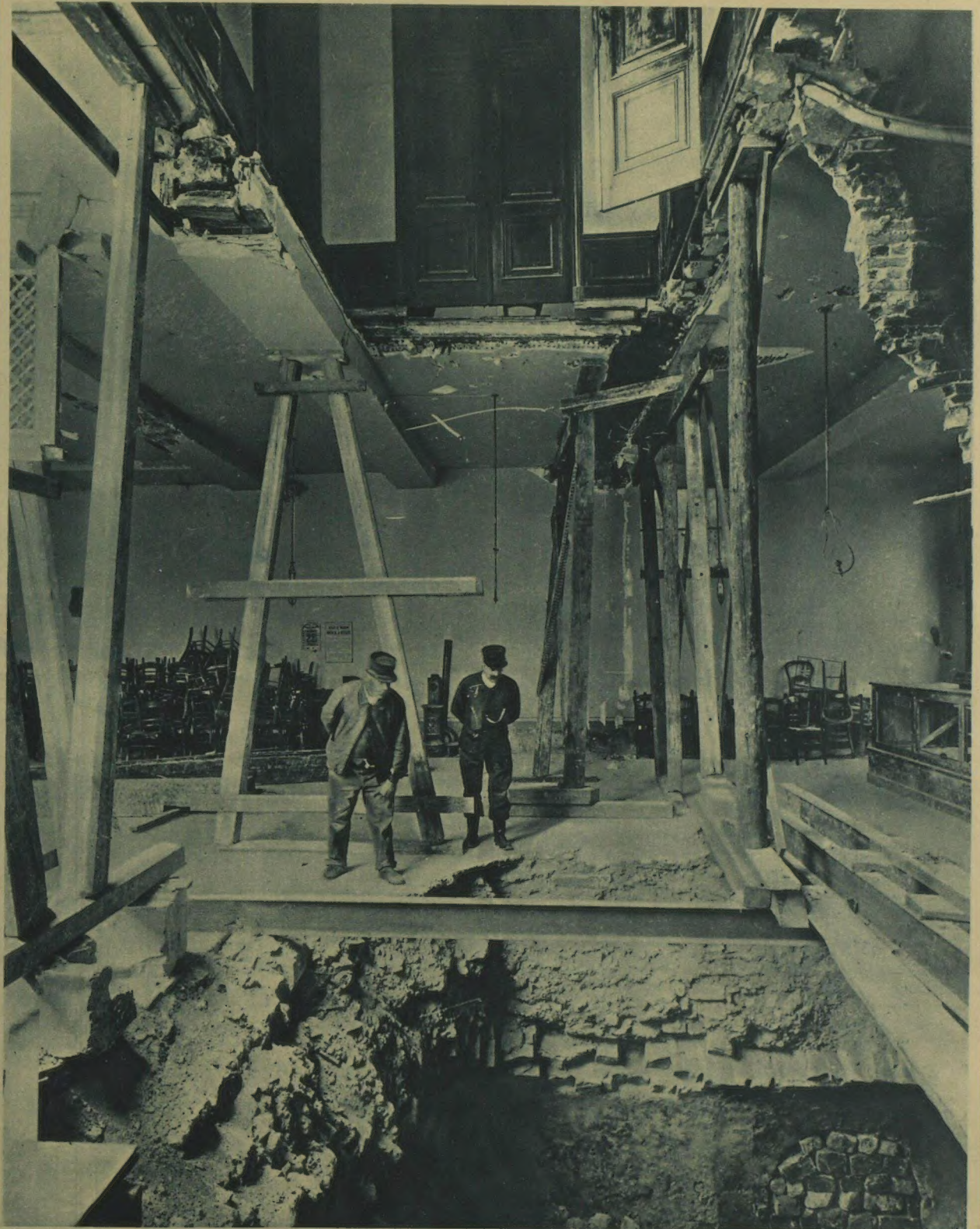
The enormous penetrative power and terrific shattering effect of a heavy shell dropping at a steep angle and bursting, in the one case, inside a house, in the other, inside an office building, could hardly be more effectively shown than it is by the photographs

given on this page and on that facing. The scene of destruction is near the centre of Rheims in the first instance, and, as the illustration shows, not far from the Cathedral. The shell would appear to have crashed through the front wall on an upper floor and  
*[Continued opposite.]*



## AFTER A HIT BY AN ENEMY SHELL: A WRECKED OFFICE AT RHEIMS.

PHOTOGRAPH BY THE CLICHÉ SECTION PHOTOGRAPHIQUE OF THE FRENCH ARMY; SUPPLIED BY NEWSPAPER ILLUSTRATIONS.



TWO FLOORS AND THE CELLAR AFTER THE EXPLOSION OF THE SHELL: THE GREAT HOLE IN THE MASONRY OF THE GROUND FLOOR; AND OTHER DAMAGE

*Continued.*

gone down through the apartment below, its ultimate explosion blowing out the window of the lower room and demolishing the frontage of the upper apartment where it entered. The building whose interior is seen in the second illustration was in use as an office

building, as the desk, piles of chairs, and calendar on the wall suggest. In that building the shell evidently dropped almost perpendicularly, and plunged down with such force that it penetrated through the thick masonry of the ground floor into the cellars.



## SCIENCE &amp; NATURAL HISTORY



STUDYING AT BURGHERS' THEATRE: STUDENTS (16TH CENTURY).



UNIVERSITY LIFE IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY: A DOCTOR RECEIVING THE SIGNS OF HIS DEGREE.



LEARNING UNDER DIFFICULTIES IN A CLASS OF A CATHEDRAL: STUDENTS IN SCHOOL (13TH CENTURY).

## SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

## OUR SUBMARINE SUPERIORITY.

THE activity of the German submarine has lately been so much in evidence

that the onlooker is likely to lose sight of the fact that it is entirely sporadic and only crops up here and there. Although the under-sea boats of our enemies have succeeded in sinking many liners and other unarmed vessels, they have at the time of writing proved all but powerless against our war-ships; and the *Formidable*, the *Cressy*, the *Aboukir*, and the *Hogue* are well-nigh the only successes in this respect which can be placed to their credit. This is not due, let us hasten to say, to any want of enterprise or skill on the part of the brave, if unscrupulous, men who man them—considering their inferiority in point of experience to our own submarine officers and crews, they have learned their lesson with amazing quickness—but to the fact that the conditions have never been equal, and have been such as to doom their endeavours to failure from the outset. As will presently be seen.

In the first place, with regard to numbers. Mr. Frederick Talbot's recently published and very readable book, "Submarines," tells us that before the war the Germans admitted the possession of 36 submarines of effective size, while their Austrian Allies were to be credited with 11. This was all that the Central Powers could boast; and although it is quite possible that the Germans have in this, as in other instances, wilfully falsified the figures supplied to our compilers of statistics, it is unlikely that the number of boats ready for service at the declaration of war was much in advance of this total. On the other hand, at the same period, the total number of effective submarines in the hands of England, France, and Russia was 167, of which Great Britain alone possessed 72, or exactly twice as many as Germany. To these must now be added the 24 submarines of Italy, making the number of boats belonging to our Allies and ourselves 191, as against the 47 of the Central Powers. From the start, therefore, it is evident that the Germans and Austrians were in this respect hopelessly outnumbered, and, whatever may have been their subsequent activity in ship-building, the number of boats which they have admittedly lost has prevented them from reducing this numerical superiority.

Numerical superiority is, however, as feathers in the balance when weighed against the superiority which we gain by our over-sea supremacy. So long as the main German fleet is confined to the Kiel Canal, the German

submarines can only steal out one by one, and can never work, as can ours, in connection with a "parent" ship. Hence their crews can never be relieved except after a more or less perilous run home to the harbour whence they originally set out; and, except for the concealed bases which our own and our Allies' navies are gradually routing out and destroy-

ing, their supply of ammunition can only be renewed in the same way. Thus is explained the frequent and prolonged pauses which so puzzled the daily Press when the much-advertised submarine "blockade"

of our coasts began, and when, after the destruction of a few trading and fishing vessels, German submarine activity suddenly ceased, not to be renewed again for an interval of from four to six weeks. Evidently this time was required for the German submarine, after exhausting her supply of torpedoes, to return to her base, to start again, if not captured or sunk on the way, with a fresh supply of ammunition, and probably a fresh crew. Our own boats, in the meantime, could cruise in company with war-ships, able to keep the sea wherever they chose, and could draw from them relief crews and ammunition at will. The German boats, in fact, have been, in the majority of cases, in the position of troops who have to go back for reinforcements and cartridges to a base instead of having these commodities brought to them in the firing line. It is not wonderful that in such circumstances they have accomplished so little of military value.

This argument derives additional weight from the relatively very small number of torpedoes which the submarine can carry. According to Mr. Talbot, this does not in the largest boats exceed twenty, and, with the very large charges of T.N.T. which the Germans use, it is doubtful whether any but a few of their latest boats can accommodate so many. But twenty torpedoes are soon got rid of when the miss-fires and shots off the target, inseparable from under-sea conditions, are taken into account; and the situation of a submarine commander who finds his

stock running low and is compelled to make for home with no weapon of offence left save guns which can only be used on the surface, is the reverse of enviable. Against war-ships such guns as a submarine can carry are, in the nature of things, useless, and it is not to be wondered at that the German submarines should hitherto have confined their gunnery to merchantmen incapable of replying in kind. That they should take even this risk shows that they are fully alive to the necessity of parsimony in the use of their torpedoes.

From all this it follows that the Coalition Government spoke by the card when they announced on assuming office that our Navy had the submarine menace well in hand, and we may even feel confident that before long it will disappear altogether. We are glad to see that Mr. Talbot, in the book above quoted, is also of this opinion. F. L.



FITTED WITH ALL THE APPLIANCES OF MODERN DENTISTRY: THE INTERIOR OF THE FRENCH ARMY'S DENTAL MOTOR-SURGERY.

The up-to-date equipment of the French medical services extends to the department of dentistry, the care of a soldier's teeth being an important element in maintaining his health and spirits. The official description of the car, painted on its side, is "Voiture de Stomatologie" (from the Greek word "stoma"—the mouth).

Photographs by Boyer.



HOW THE TEETH OF THE FRENCH SOLDIER ARE ATTENDED TO DURING WAR: A DENTAL MOTOR-SURGERY BUILT FOR THE FRENCH ARMY.



## BRITAIN'S "SURE SHIELD:" LIFE IN THE NAVY DURING THE WAR.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N.



HOW JACK KEEPS IN CONDITION AND MAKES HIMSELF "HARD AS NAILS AFLOAT": SOME OF THE CREW OF A BRITISH WAR-SHIP ENGAGED IN PHYSICAL EXERCISES ON DECK.



"REST AFTER TOIL: PORT AFTER STORMY SEAS": BLUEJACKETS ON THE DECK OF A BRITISH WAR-SHIP ENJOYING SOME MOMENTS OF REST AND RELAXATION.

In the photographs reproduced on this and the succeeding double-page, our readers are provided with means for realising vividly the daily life, in this time of war, of the Navy on which our national existence depends. All who have visited the Fleet concur in praising the wonderful spirit which animates it. The words used by Admiral Bacon in his recently published despatch on the operations off the Belgian

Coast, are, indeed, applicable to the whole of the Navy. "I cannot speak too highly," he writes, "of the manner in which the officers and men under my command have carried out the duties allotted to them. The work . . . has been entered into with a zeal and enthusiasm which could not have been surpassed." The same zeal is shown even in the routine work of those ships which have not yet had the luck to go into action.



## BRITAIN'S "SURE SHIELD": LIFE IN THE NAVY ON WHICH OUR LAND CAMPAIGNS AND ECONOMIC STABILITY DEPEND.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY G.N.



A LITTLE CEREMONY WHICH SYMBOLISES THE WHOLE PATRIOTISM OF THE NAVY: HOISTING THE COLOURS WHILE THE BAND PLAYS AND OFFICERS SALUTE.

IN the course of his recent speech on film-pictures of life in the Navy, mentioned below, the First Lord of the Admiralty said: "The portion of the Grand Fleet which you are about to see is actually engaged in a great operation of war. On it, as you will see it represented to the life, depends the whole of the operations carried out by the Allies from Archangel in the north far round to the Persian Gulf, because, were the British Fleet removed, the Allied Nations who are now banded together against the tyranny of the Central Powers would have no means of inter-communication. They would be cut off from the outer world; they would be cut off from each other. The means of communication between the far-distant operations of this unexampled war are protected by the Navy and are provided by the Navy. What a wonderful system of inter-communications does for Germany and Austria,

(Continued on No. 2.)

(Continued) the Navies of the Allies, and we may say without undue self-laudation in the first instance the British Navy, do for the Entente Powers. I doubt whether in our ordinary moments we conceive the magnitude of the task which is thrown upon the British Navy and which so far the British Navy has triumphantly accomplished. The Grand Fleet, which as a Grand Fleet has never yet had the opportunity of being in action, nevertheless has, from hour to hour and day to day through all the months of this war, been the foundation on which everything else has rested. But for the Grand Fleet you could not have driven the enemy's commerce from the sea, you could not now be strangling her economic position, you could not now be transferring her troops freely backwards and forwards from Great Britain to France, from Canada to Egypt; you could not now be carrying on military

(Continued on No. 2.)



HOW THE HANDY MAN LEARNS TO KEEP HIS BELONGINGS IN APPLE-PIE ORDER: PREPARING FOR KIT INSPECTION ON BOARD A BRITISH WAR-SHIP.

(Continued) operations thousands of miles from our shores, absolutely secure from every species of attack by any vessel other than the submarine. That you owe to the Grand Fleet, and it is not all that you owe to it. You owe to it that we can freely import what we require from abroad and freely export what we produce at home. Our economic stability, not less than our military operations, depends upon the British Fleet, as the rest of the British Fleet depends for its very existence, its power, its utility upon the Grand Fleet, a portion of which you will be privileged in a few moments to see represented before you. Mark it well. Silent though it may be, not engaged in actions of romantic heroism such as those which have been performed by our submarines in the Sea of Marmora or the Baltic, nevertheless it is at this moment performing not for Britain alone, nor yet for Britain's Allies alone, but for the whole world, a most important part in the drama now being played out for the freedom of the

(Continued on No. 2.)



A VERY NECESSARY BUT A VERY GRIMY OPERATION: "COALING SHIP" ON BOARD A VESSEL OF THE BRITISH FLEET DURING THE WAR.



THE SEQUEL TO "COALING SHIP": MUCH SOAP AND WATER REQUIRED TO RESTORE BOTH DECK AND HANDS TO THEIR PROPER CONDITION.

(Continued) world. Every man, woman, and child in this country, when they enjoy their daily meal and carry out their ordinary avocations, when they feel that their shores are protected from the brutal attacks of an unscrupulous enemy, should remember that they owe these incomparable blessings to the British Navy and to the Grand Fleet. No more need be said. . . . To us who have always looked on that Fleet from our youth upwards as the protection of our liberties, these lessons may be easy to learn, though I think they have not all been learned even by citizens of this Empire. The world has yet to know, and it does not yet know, how much it owes to the British Fleet, and how the assured victory which is coming to us in the future is coming at least as much as the gift of the British Navy as it is of the splendid valour of the Allied troops, whether British or foreign. . . . This entertainment is a deep and vital lesson to all who are interested in the future of mankind."

The vital importance of the work which the British Navy is doing in the war was eloquently explained the other day by Mr. Balfour, when, as First Lord of the Admiralty, he spoke at the Empire Theatre on the naval section of the new official film-pictures illustrating life in the Navy and Army on active service in the war. The bulk of his speech is quoted above. In the course of his concluding remarks he said: "Our imaginations may be somewhat sluggish. We may not easily feel how much we owe to our sailors at this moment. We may find it

difficult to realise the lives they lead and the work they do. I am convinced that such representations as you are about to see, which I have done my individual best to further, will do much in this and in other countries to put the great operations of war that are now going on in their true perspective. In that true perspective the most important place undoubtedly is occupied, and ought to be occupied, by the British Fleet." The same remarks might well be applied, *mutatis mutandis*, to photographs such as those given above and on the preceding page.



## A BIG FACTOR IN THE SITUATION ON THE WESTERN FRONTIER OF EGYPT: THE GRAND SENUSSI AMONG HIS FOLLOWERS.

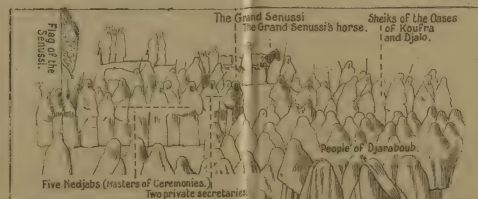
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN BY DR. ABDUL GANI BEY.



THE ONLY PHOTOGRAPH IN WHICH THE GRAND SENUSSI APPEARS: HIS ARRIVAL AT DJARABOUB—A PROCESSION FORMING JUST AFTER PRAYER.

THIS unique photograph of the Senussi, with those on another double-page in this Number, was taken by Dr. Abdul Gani Bey, who spent several months at Djaraboub. It was only surreptitiously and at some risk that he was able to photograph the arrival of the Grand Senussi, whose position in the group is indicated in the adjoining key. A procession was being formed after prayer: only one standard had been raised, and the camel carrying the prayer-carpet was still on its knees. As mentioned elsewhere, the Grand Senussi himself refused later to be photographed alone. As regards the connection of the Senussi sect with recent events on the western frontier of Egypt, an interesting letter appeared a few days ago in the "Westminster Gazette" over the initials, "F.R.C." The writer points out that although Cyrenaica, part of whose frontier adjoins that of Egypt, belongs nominally to our Italian allies, they have not completed the conquest of the hinterland. Contrary to the Treaty of Lausanne, he says, the Turkish troops were not all withdrawn after the war in Tripoli, where they were under Enver Bey (now Pasha) and, with German and Turkish agents, they have helped to stir up Berber tribes in the present war. "They gained some adherents," the letter continues, "among the Bedouin of the Libyan Plateau, and they have spared no effort to induce the powerful Senussi brotherhood to join them. . . . Fortunately, there is little reason to suppose that the attempts to win over the

(Continued opposite.)



(Continued.)

Senussi to the Turco-German cause will prevail. The Grand Sheikh of the fraternity has recently and formally renewed his assurances of friendliness to the Anglo-Egyptian authorities. . . . With the Egyptian authorities the Senussi have always maintained friendly relations, while for the Turks they have shown much distrust, and the majority of Moslems regard the Senussi tenets as unorthodox. The Pan-Islam movement left the Senussi cold, and as a fraternity they gave the Turks very little help in the struggle against Italy in Tripoli. They fought hard but unsuccessfully against the extension of French authority in the Central Sudan, but . . . hostilities between the Senussi and the French ceased some time ago. . . . The Grand Sheikh . . . holds in captivity the members of a Turkish mission sent to him by Enver Pasha. Senussi policy is, in short, guided entirely by the interests of the fraternity, and . . . the brotherhood is well informed as to the real strength of the British position in Egypt. Moreover, the Senussi appreciate the fact that, although nominally within the British sphere, no encroachments whatever have been made by the British on their territory, while Senussides living in Egypt enjoy all the privileges of other Moslems. While the Senussi organisation . . . is friendly towards Egypt, it should not be forgotten that the majority of the people of Cyrenaica profess the Senussi doctrines, and the force from Tripoli that fought near Matruh on Christmas Day probably consisted largely of Senussides."



## THE GRAND SENUSSI AND HIS HOLY CITY: A NORTH

## AFRICAN THEOCRACY FRIENDLY TOWARDS EGYPT.



THE FIRST STAGE OF THE JOURNEY FROM DERNÄ TO DJARABOUB: THE SENUSSI SETTLEMENT AT ISLAT.

DURING A STATE JOURNEY OF THE GRAND HIS CAMP



STILL THE CHIEF SANCTUARY OF THE SENUSSI: THE DESERT CITY OF DJARABOUB, WITH ITS GREAT MOSQUE.

SENSUSSI TO HIS ANCESTRAL SANCTUARY: NEAR DJARABOUB.



THE REALM OF A NORTH AFRICAN THEOCRACY BETWEEN SOUVY AND THOULI: THE SENUSSI DESERT EMPIRE.

THE following account of the Senussi and their capital forms part of a long and interesting article by M. Georges Rivard published by our Paris contemporary, "L'Illustration," in its issue of February 7, 1914, interpreting the experiences of a member of Emver Bey's mission to the Senussi in 1911: "Djaraboub is built on one of the hills which cover this part of the country. Sidi Mohammed el Senussi, passing through it in 1826, by Order of God founded a little sania. This was the beginning of Djaraboub. This holy man was an Algerian, poor and learned, who had done the pilgrimages to Mecca several times. He received hospitality from the tribes to whom he converted on the Khar, gaining thereby a great reputation for wisdom and knowledge. Seeing in what state of barbarism and ignorance the inhabitants of Cyrenaica lived, he decided to teach them the Word of God, and built in the Green Mountain the first mosque, which got the name of sania of Beldia (the white), taught his disciples, and founded a religious order, the authority of which extended throughout the country, and has spread to-day in the greater part of the Moslem world. He died at Djaraboub and was buried there, and his son Sidi el Mahdi set up a magnificent tomb in his memory. There are now 120 Senussi sanias in Africa, eleven or thirteen of which are in Egypt, five or six in the Tripolitania, the remainder in Cyrenaica and the Sudan. The sania of Djaraboub is surrounded by an enclosure in which five doors give access. The houses, built in stone, are two-storied: each has its own bath. The population is of 120 inhabitants; there are neither merchants nor shopkeepers, nor crafts, which are to be found in all places where Arabs congregate. It is a large convent or monastery: the population consists chiefly of pious people who ask the Senussi's permission to settle down there with their families; they thus form part of a religious order, are not allowed to leave the town without the Sheikh's permission, and spend their life in prayer. The tribes send a certain number of their children to be taught the Koran in a school adjoining the mosque. They must supply their own food and requirements; that is to say, when they first arrive they bring with them a few bags of barley, which they set against the wall of their little room, a blanket and a mat. There are also eighty black slaves who tend the mosque, the tomb, and the garden—for there are gardens. These slaves are very well treated and fed by the sania, which distributes to each of them 5 litres of barley a week. One large mosque, an extraordinary erection in this desert, consists of a rectangular court, 15 metres long and 30 metres wide, and bordered by arcades; these give access by doors of sulphured wood, brought from India, of fine workmanship, into

(continued)



COMMEMORATING SIDI EL MAHDI'S HORTICULTURAL TASTES: PALMS IN ONE OF HIS TWENTY GARDENS OUTSIDE DJARABOUB.



TAKEN BY FAVOUR OF THE GRAND BE PHOTOGRAPHED HIMSELF.

(Continued)  
a nave of columns 7 metres high, covered by a rounded ceiling, then into a chapel with cupola like the "Tomb" where is the coffin of the founder of the sect. This wooden coffin is covered with stuffs, and rests on a large marble slab, and is surrounded by a wrought-iron railing into the inside of which one gets through a door adorned with silver plaques; an inscription shows the genealogy of Senussi from the Prophet Mahomet, his ancestor. A passage behind the chapel contains the tombs of women. Near one of the doors, under the arcade, is the tomb of the maternal grandfather of the present Senussi. At one of the angles of the court a minaret rises, and on one of the sides above the arcade are the private apartments of the Senussi, and an open gallery with three columns where he spends the day, prays and gives audience. On another side are the bath, the school, and the cells of the pupils. While the second Senussi, Sidi el Mahdi, lived at Djaraboub, the population reached more than 2000 inhabitants. He had four sections walls, made, one of which, near the mosque, reached to 135 metres in length, and supplies the whole town; the three others are in the gardens. Sidi el Mahdi had an active mind and was curious of sciences; he had twenty gardens planted outside the town, and had them surrounded by walls; and twenty rose-gardens around the mosque. Dates, pomegranates, olives, and various kinds of vegetables were planted in these gardens. Water is abundantly supplied by the wells. Outside the walls of Djaraboub can also be seen five minis, also erected by his orders, but they are no longer in use, and are falling to pieces. Sidi Mohammed el Mahdi is still the most venerated and popular figure of Cyrenaica and the Sudan. He is always being quoted or asked for help. About 1896 he left Djaraboub, weary on account of the proximity of the British, not liking that of the Turks, and took refuge at Kufra. In 1902 he was either killed or wounded in an encounter with the French somewhere about the Kasem frontier; the faithful say that he ascended to heaven, from whence he will return some day to make the Prophet's standard, united by that of the Senussi, triumphant throughout the world. The greater part of the Djaraboub population followed him to Kufra, but Djaraboub has kept its character as the sanctuary of Senussism to such an extent that any member of the sect who has made a pilgrimage to Mecca without having made one to Djaraboub cannot have the title of hadi (i.e., pilgrim). A shahk is appointed by the Grand Senussi to represent him in the holy city, over whose inhabitants he exercises all authority. He receives pilgrims and caravans on the march and gives them hospitality for three days."



SENSUSSI, THOUGH HE WOULD NOT RIDE HORSES AND FOOT-COULD.



BUILT BY THE FIRST SENUSSI: THE GREAT MOSQUE OF DJARABOUB—THE COURTYARD, SHOWING THE SENUSSI'S APARTMENTS ON THE LEFT.



BUILT BY THE SECOND SENUSSI, SIDI EL MAHDI: REMAINS OF SOME OLD DILAPIDATED HILLS NEAR DJARABOUB.

A Turkish correspondence published in Constantinople on December 30 last, with regard to operations on the western border of Egypt: "In the fighting near Matruh the Senussi captured 120 English." This statement, it must be remembered, comes from an enemy source, and must be regarded with grave suspicion. Although the Germans and Turks are said to have endeavored to influence the Grand Senussi, it by no means follows that the Bedouin tribes who have caused trouble on the western frontier of Egypt acted under his orders or with his approval. On the contrary, it was stated by a correspondent of the "Star," of Milan, in a message from Cairo published on December 26, with regard to the British withdrawal to Marsa Matruh: "The second reason which induced the English commander to come to this decision was a civil-war conflict with Sayed Ahmed el-Sharbi, with whom the best of friendly relations exist. These good relations were further strained within the last few days by a native Egyptian paper, which announced that the Grand Senussi wished to publish a title with, without his consent, had

attacked Egyptian territory, notwithstanding the good relations existing." On this point, also, it is worth while to recall a message by a "Times" correspondent sent from Cairo on November 27: "It is officially declared," he wrote, "that El Sayed El Sharbi, Grand Sheikh of the Senussi sect, continues to maintain an entirely friendly attitude towards the Egyptian Government. The Grand Sheikh, whose stronghold is in Tripoli, repudiated the action of Turkey a year ago, but certain hostile agencies have been at work in the West, and have succeeded in inducing some of the western Arabs to commit minor acts of aggression against the frontier posts and our people. It is announced that, in pursuance of the Government's policy of removing any possible cause of trouble or friction, the smaller frontier posts situated at Sidi Barrani have been evacuated further east to Marsa Matruh." When the Sultanate of Egypt was created, the Senussi sent an important delegation of Sheikh's to Sidi Barrani, on the Egyptian frontier, to convey to the British authorities an expression of most friendly feelings.



# RUSSIA—II.

BY DR. E. J. DILLON.

RUSSIA is become an almost unknown country to the peoples of Western Europe since the beginning of the war. We have no longer any direct or trustworthy knowledge about the main currents and back eddies of the national life-stream there. A vast fog hangs heavy between us and the Tsardom, and we are dependent upon the merest guess-work for the mental sketches we form of our Slav allies. Many of these guesses are demonstrably wrong. Thus the smoothness and rapidity of Russia's mobilisation came to us as a revelation. The crushing action of the gigantic "steam-roller," sudden and unexpected, awakened our highest hopes and moved us to pay handsomely and unwisely in advance for decisive Russian victories which were never won. Russia's subsequent reverses plunged us in the depths of dejection and blasted our hope of seeing the Balkan peoples fighting by our side for their own cause, which is also ours. And now her restored vitality and ardour bewilder those who fancied that she was disabled for at least a twelvemonth.

If we turn to the internal condition of the Tsardom, the fog that blurs our vision is denser still. No Western observer has any clear notion of the forces which at present dominate the internal situation or of the persons in whom those forces reside. Is it the Reactionaries, the Moderates, the Radicals, the Military, the Court, or the Socialists whose star is in the ascendant? How is the bulk of the nation affected by the war? Is Russia able to hold out until victory favours the Allies? From what source does she draw inspiration and enthusiasm? In what direction is evolution wending, and will it become so rapid as to deserve another name?

Those are some of the questions daily asked but never answered. For the requisite data are lacking. Russia is isolated from the rest of Europe not only by the fighting lines, but also by the wise and deliberate act of her own Government. It was thus, for example, that for several weeks no private telegrams or letters were allowed to leave the country owing, it is said, to the large number of spies among the population and to the exasperating circumstance that every movement of troops became known to the enemy almost as soon as it was decided upon. Seemingly innocent telegrams were sent from Petrograd to Sweden, and a few hours later the Germans were in possession of the secret, and preparing to utilise it. One of the devices to which enemy agents had recourse is curious, and deserves the attention of our own authorities. A band of individuals, apparently unacquainted with each other, but really acting in concert, were known in Berlin, for the purposes of espionage, as Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, etc. As soon as the expert spy came into possession of the coveted item of news, he committed it to writing as briefly as was consistent with lucidity. Then the disconnected words of the statement were distributed among the members of the band and introduced by them into a number of quite innocent messages which were despatched as urgent telegrams to various addresses in neutral cities. Each message contained, say, only two or three words of the report, and the proper order of the words needed to make sense was easily found by referring to the number of each of the senders of the telegrams. In this way the information arrived at its destination a couple of hours after it had been received, and counter-measures were adopted forthwith. That was one of many ingenious contrivances which cost the Russians dear.

And it was to frustrate this and kindred practices that the telegraph service for private messages was recently suspended for several weeks, to the detriment of ordinary business.

On the eve of hostilities, when making their calculations, the Germans reckoned that the war, which would stint their own food supplies and render prices exorbitant, would have the opposite effects in Russia. For, deprived of her land routes to Western Europe, she would be unable to export grain, timber, agricultural and dairy produce, the prices of which would fall considerably in consequence. As a matter of fact, Russia's exportation dwindled even to a greater extent than the Germans had allowed for; but at the same time not only did prices rise to an unprecedented level, but the supplies shrank almost to famine point. The resulting picture is unedifying. With corn enough to feed herself and all her Allies—and much of it rotting at railway stations and elsewhere—and wood fuel enough to satisfy all demands, Russia, on the approach of winter, was unable to purvey food, coal, and wood in sufficient quantities for her people.

In the year 1913 Russia exported over her European frontier produce valued at 150 millions sterling, and

imported for the value of 125 millions, whereas over her Asiatic frontier less than one hundred millions' worth was conveyed abroad, as against 153 millions' worth imported. Her purchases from European countries amounted at the same period to 6,805,000 tons, and of this no less than 5,718,000 arrived through the Baltic ports. Well, all these ports are now closed. So, too, are the Black Sea and Azoff ports, from which 50 per cent. of Russia's exports were shipped. The results, although necessarily bad for trade and finances, ought at least, one would think, to prove temporarily beneficial to the population. For, on the eve of hostilities there were at least one hundred million quintals of corn set apart for exportation in the southern ports. But the Straits were closed by Turkey's intervention, and our efforts to open them have ended as we know. Meanwhile, another abundant harvest has been added to the first, and neither can be disposed of to foreign buyers. As this corn was, so to say, the coin with which Russia was used to pay for her purchases abroad, the impossibility of utilising it has impoverished the Government and the nation, and depreciated the paper rouble to a great extent.

Germany's case was similar. But there was this difference between them—that the Fatherland was self-sufficing, and possessed not only foodstuffs, coal, wood, and iron, but also the industries for producing the necessary implements and machinery for war and peace. And these industries were adjusted without delay to the altered

was ordered several, it is alleged, withdrew into privacy to live on the proceeds of their savings. It is alleged that in some cases the Red Cross agents had to pay tribute to railway men in order to get their trains through.

Here is a snapshot by the members of the Committee for Food Supplies of how things were in Petrograd at the end of the year that has just passed: "The Ministry of Railways undertook to convey to Petrograd from Kieff a train with sugar travelling at the speed of a passenger train. Well, a fortnight has elapsed since then, but there is no train and no sugar. We are not much better off for flour. Many shops have put up their shutters and closed. Neither is there any fodder to be had. And when the consignments finally arrive they cannot be conveyed for distribution owing to the lack of horses. The beasts of burden are unable to work. A large number of cows have had to be sold for want of fodder. The resulting scarcity of milk is making itself felt painfully. Butter is literally not to be found anywhere. There has been no consignment of salt. There is no fuel."

That the war is one of the chief causes of this lamentable dearth of the necessities of life is self-evident. Corn, for instance, has become an expensive commodity because the war has made it an expensive product. The work of sowing and reaping costs from two to three hundred per cent. more than before the mobilisation. The transport to the railway station is also very much dearer. The war tax on

railway conveyance is an additional expense. Again, the corn on which the war tax has been paid before it reached the mill is liable to a second war tax on leaving the mill to be carried as flour. The cost of conveyance from the railway station or landing-place to the city has been raised from two to three hundred per cent. Then the war has left an enormous void in the amount of unskilled labour available for the needs of the population, and that void is chronic. Among its consequences are the shrinkage of production and the enhanced cost of labour. Again, as the ways of communication are largely monopolised by the military, supplies wherever they are plentiful—as in Siberia—cannot be conveyed to the districts where they are sorely needed.

Against the operation of these natural causes there is no remedy so long as war continues. But the factitious causes could readily be displaced if only the country were organised. Unfortunately, there is hardly any organisation worthy of the name. In capacity for organising the Russian is well-nigh entirely deficient. He is almost as much averse to co-operation as to subordination and discipline. Striking examples of what could be accomplished by care and method were afforded recently

when many lost trains were discovered in out-of-the-way places, and many new wagons were manufactured in haste.

But unpatriotic and dishonest speculation is rife in the empire, and the forms it assumes are repellent. Not only are professional jobbers active and unscrupulous, but, according to Russia's most eminent publicist, "many aristocrats, including even the most highly placed," have contributed to put the screw on their poorer fellow-countrymen, buying the supplies in advance and then putting up prices to suit their own rapacity. Thus, in the matter of wood fuel, the prices have increased by as much as four hundred per cent.

One of the methods employed for speculation in corn consists in the abuse of a facility created in normal times for the agriculturist. Russian banks are accustomed to open credits and advance money to farmers on the strength of a railway invoice acknowledging the deposit of corn at the station. The amount advanced varies from fifty to seventy-five per cent. of the value. Since the outbreak of the war the speculator employs this arrangement for his own purpose. Having received the advance from the bank, he uses it to purchase other wagon-loads of corn, which he deposits at the station in his own name, receiving sixty or seventy per cent. of the value. This process he repeats over and over again. And, as prices are meanwhile augmenting, he finally disposes of this immense stock of ill-gotten corn to a half-starving population at an iniquitous profit.

Against these and still more disreputable tricks for growing rich at the expense of the poor it is possible to devise efficacious measures. The Government has already moved in the matter, and is still studying ways and means. But the evil will never be wholly uprooted until the system of which it is the natural outgrowth has been swept away.

© Novoye Vremya, 14th October, 1915



RUSSIAN WOMEN AIDING RUSSIAN FIGHTING-MEN: TRENCH-DIGGING.

Photograph by Korsakoff.

requirements; whereas the Russians, lacking industries, were dependent for manufactured goods on foreign countries.

One would imagine that, at any rate, the food and fuel supplies would be adequate for the Tsar's subjects, seeing that neither his foreign friends nor enemies are now consuming their large share. But it is precisely the contrary phenomenon that strikes one at every hand's turn. Take, as an example, the plight of the Russian capital, Petrograd, which is favourably situated on a fine river that connects the city with the Ladoga and Onega districts and the mighty forests around. Those and many other provinces are covered with vast woods many of which are never tended, hardly ever even visited by their absentee owners. Yet the people of Petrograd and of other places were literally perishing of cold.

The causes of this deplorable state of things are many. One is the insufficiency of ways of communication, enhanced by the lack of forethought and organisation. Russian railways have always been an eyesore to the European economist, with his western notions of the fitness of things. Only a few years have gone by since the Russian railway-traffic formula ran thus: the greater the goods and passenger traffic, the greater the annual deficit. And the yearly accounts generally closed with a shortage. Under the Minister of Railways, Rukhloff, who is no longer in office, the disorganisation was complete. And when hostilities were opened, a large part of the rolling stock being required for the transport of troops and munitions, the needs of the population were of necessity thrust in the background. This lack of material was intensified by the slipshod methods of the administration. The result was that the big cities like Petrograd, Moscow, Kieff, Kharkoff, had, and indeed still have, to struggle with a dearth of almost everything, and in especial of flour, salt, meat, sugar, milk, butter, and fuel. Many of the officials were charged with something worse than remissness; and when an inquiry



IN A GAS-STRICKEN AREA: A SKETCH FROM A SOLDIER AT THE FRONT.



TAKING SUPPLIES TO THE MEN IN THE FOREMOST TRENCHES THROUGH A ZONE RENDERED "UNHEALTHY  
BY ENEMY GAS: MASKED BRITISH SOLDIERS ON DANGEROUS DUTY.

Describing this drawing, sent by him from the front, the soldier-artist writes: "The sketch shows taking up supplies to a gas-stricken area. The supplies—food, ammunition, spare clothing, and other things required by the men in the foremost trenches—are

brought up at night. It was a watery, grey, moonlight night when I saw the scene, weird and wonderful." "Weird and wonderful" is a very correct description: to that the drawing is eloquent witness.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]



# WHY ENEMY CONSULS AT SALONIKA WERE ARRESTED: THE AIR RAID.

DRAWN BY H. W. KOEKKOEK FROM A SKETCH MADE ABOARD A BRITISH WAR-SHIP AT SALONIKA.



"A FLAGRANT ACT OF WAR" ON GREEK SOIL: BOMB-DROPPING AIRCRAFT OVER SALONIKA ON DECEMBER 30—THE RAIDERS FIRED AT BY AN ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUN ON A BRITISH WAR-SHIP.

While mustering along the Greek frontier, the enemy's army in Southern Serbia used the interval for making a bomb-dropping raid on Salonika on the morning of December 30. Three aeroplanes of the Albatross type took part in the attack, and their appearance, as they flew over the town and harbour, caused intense excitement among the Greek populace. The three aeroplanes were heavily shelled by the anti-aircraft guns of the war-ships at Salonika, but they kept at so great a height—at least, 10,000 feet (or two miles) as it is stated—that effective practice was difficult. One of the three was, however, brought

down by the naval fire. Some thirty bombs in all were dropped, it is believed, but only one person, a Greek peasant, was killed by them. A Greek General on parade with his troops had a narrow escape from a bomb which fell within forty yards of him. The same evening the Consuls of Germany, Austria, Turkey, and Bulgaria at Salonika were arrested and conveyed on board a French war-ship, for deportation. In reply to the formal Greek protest, General Sarraïl declared that the measure was "only just retaliation for the aircraft bombardment, which was a flagrant act of war."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]



## A KING IN EXILE AT SALONIKA: A HISTORIC GROUP.

PHOTOGRAPH BY HUBERT-JACQUES, CORRESPONDENT OF "L'ILLUSTRATION."



WITH GENERAL MAHON, BRITISH COMMANDER, AND GENERAL SARRAIL, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF AT SALONIKA:  
KING PETER (WEARING HIS FRENCH WAR CROSS) IN THE SERBIAN CONSULATE ON JANUARY 3.

As we have had occasion to note in "The Illustrated London News" before, King Peter of Serbia arrived at Salonika from Valona, aboard a French destroyer, on January 1. Later news had it that his Majesty was about to visit the fortifications on the Allied front before Salonika. It is understood that he is to go to Edipos to take a course of baths. It was announced in the House at the end of October last that Lieut.-General Sir Bryan Mahon was in command of the British troops in Serbia, and had been ordered to co-operate with the French. During this month it was reported that the French

Government had awarded the Cross of Grand Officer of the Legion of Honour to General Mahon, the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour to General Sarrail, and the Military Medal to General Bailloud. The War Cross King Peter is seen wearing was sent to him when he was at Valona. Lieut.-General Sir Archibald Murray was recently appointed to succeed General Sir Charles Monro, now in command of the First Army, in the Eastern Mediterranean Command. It was reported on January 17 that General Sarrail had become supreme commander of the Franco-British force at Salonika.



# THE FOURTH CAPITAL IN ENEMY HANDS; AND THE APPROACH TO IT.

PHOTOGRAPH OF CETTINJE BY TOPICAL.



OCCUPIED BY THE AUSTRIANS, AS AN INEVITABLE SEQUEL TO THEIR CAPTURE OF MOUNT LOVTCHEN: CETTINJE, THE CAPITAL OF MONTENEGRO—SHOWING THE PALACE OF KING NICHOLAS.



MADE AVAILABLE AS A NAVAL BASE FOR THE AUSTRIANS BY THEIR CAPTURE OF MOUNT LOVTCHEN, WHICH DOMINATES IT: THE GULF OF CATTARO; AND THE TOWN.

The capture by the Austrians of Mount Lovtchen (a fine photograph of which appeared in the greater part of our last issue) rendered practically inevitable the fall of Cetinje. Mount Lovtchen rises abruptly to a height of over 5000 feet just at the back of the town of Cattaro, and dominates both that place with its sea approaches as well as the road to Cetinje. While the Montenegrins held Mount Lovtchen, the Austrians could not make Cattaro a naval base. It is reported, however, that two Austrian Dreadnoughts stationed in the Bay of Cattaro took part in the attack on Mount Lovtchen, outranging

the Montenegrin artillery with their heavy guns. A Vienna *communiqué* of the 14th stated: "The capital of Montenegro is in our hands. Our troops yesterday afternoon entered Cetinje. The residence of the King of Montenegro and the town are undamaged." A later Austrian official report said: "At Cetinje we took 154 guns, 10,000 rifles, 10 machine-guns, and much ammunition and war material." In the photograph the royal palace is in the centre. Opposite, among trees, is the British Minister's house, and to the right (standing alone) that of the Crown Prince Danilo.



# FOR KING AND COUNTRY: OFFICERS ON THE ROLL OF HONOUR.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAPAYETTE, BASSANO, CHANCELLOR, LANGIER, A. AND N. AUXILIARY, SYMONDS, CASWELL SMITH, WYKHAM, AND ELLIOTT AND FRY



**CAPTAIN S. R. JACKSON,**  
London Regiment. Gazetted Lieutenant  
July 14, 1915; received temporary rank of  
Captain in November.



**CAPTAIN C. F. DROUGHT,**  
Lincolnshire Regiment. Son of  
Canon and Mrs. Drought,  
St. John's, Toorak, Melbourne.



**CAPTAIN HARRY L.  
AINSWORTH,**  
10th Gurkhas. Lost in the  
"Persia."



**MAJOR J. R. WARDLE,**  
Q.O.R. Glasgow Yeomanry. Fourth son of  
the late Mr. Henry Wardle, M.P., Highfield,  
Buxton.



**CAPTAIN J. DONALD SANDERS,**  
R.F.A. and R.F.C. Son of Mr. James Sanders  
(late I.C.S.) and Mrs. Sanders, The Warren,  
Weybridge, Surrey.



**MAJOR E. BARKER,**  
Middlesex Regiment. Served in  
S. African Campaign (Queen's  
medal, two clasps).



**CAPTAIN J. O. CLEMON,**  
R. North Devon Hussars.  
Master of the Stevenstone Fox-  
hounds.



**CAPTAIN LEWIS F. BLACKBURN, R.N.,**  
Held the Egyptian medal, Alexandria clasp,  
and the Khedive's Bronze Star. Was  
Lieutenant on the "Cygnets" 1882.



**CAPTAIN MONTAGU C. GRIBBON,**  
67th Punjab. Son of late Lieut.-Colonel  
Gribbon, R.A.M.C., and Mrs. Gribbon, Inver-  
ness Terrace.



**LIEUT. E. WALLACE RUSE,**  
R. Engineers. Accidentally  
killed. Received a step in  
promotion, June 1915.



**LT.-COMMR. H. T. GARTSIDE-  
TIPPING, R.N.,**  
Mentioned in Vice-Admiral  
Bacon's Despatch. Aged 67.



**LIEUT. M. G. C. DODWELL,**  
20th Battery, Australian E.F.  
Son of late Rev. J. Crofton  
Dodwell, Wellington, N.Z.



**CAPTAIN W. E. RIELLY, M.B., R.A.M.C.,**  
Served in S. Africa (Queen's medal, 4 clasps).  
Formerly house-physician, Brompton Con-  
sumption Hospital.



**CAPTAIN G. PEMBERTON STEER,**  
2nd Somerset L.I., att'd. 2nd Wiltshire Regi-  
ment. Son of Mr. Edward Steer, Woodlands,  
Malpas, Monmouthshire.



**2ND LT. C. S. (BOBBIE) LEE,**  
R. Engineers. Son of Lt.-Col.  
W. A. Lee, late I.M.S., and  
Mrs. Lee, Combe Park, Bath.



**LIEUT. IVOR F. GRANT,**  
Lowat's Scouts. Was an Advo-  
cate at the Scottish Bar, and  
son of Mr. Forsyth Grant.



**2ND LIEUT. S. H. SMITH,**  
4th (att'd. 2nd) Staffordshire  
Regiment. Son of Mrs. Berthold  
Smith, The Boltons, S.W.



**CAPTAIN AND ADJUTANT JAMES LUSK,**  
6th Scottish Rifles. Chevalier of the Legion  
of Honour. Son of late Mr. John Lusk and  
Mrs. Lusk, Strathaven, Lanarkshire.



**2ND LIEUT. F. T. HOWIS,**  
12th Essex Regiment. Son of  
Rev. C. W. and Mrs. Howis,  
Pleshey Vicarage, Chelmsford.



**LIEUT. P. C. S. RUSSELL,**  
5th Scottish Rifles, att'd. 7th  
Squadron, R.F.C. Son of Major  
Russell, of Glasgow.



**2ND LT. E. A. STURRIDGE,**  
6th Yorkshire Regiment. A  
well-known athlete. Son of  
Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Sturridge.



*Stables for British Prisoners in Germany: Horse-Boxes as Dormitories at Ruhleben.*

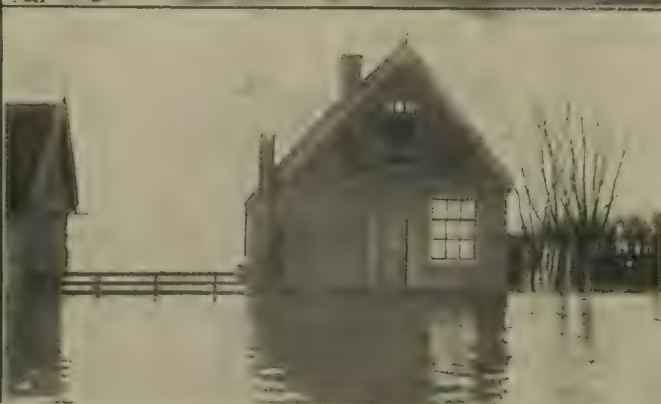
WITH AN APPROPRIATE QUOTATION FROM DANTE OVER THE ENTRANCE: HORSE-BOX No. 8, BARRACK 10, AT THE PRISONERS' CAMP AT RUHLEBEN.

Conditions at Ruhleben and other prison-camps in Germany are understood to have been improved since the early days of the war, thanks chiefly to the efforts of the American Ambassador to Berlin. These photographs were taken from a model brought back by an English prisoner recently released. The stables at Ruhleben were described recently in an article by Mr. Francis Gribble, the well-known author, who spent the first Christmas



WHERE SIX PRISONERS SLEPT, ONE ON THE FLOOR, THERE BEING ONLY FIVE STRAW-SACK BEDS: INSIDE A RUHLEBEN HORSE-BOX.

of the war as a prisoner there. "Some of us slept," he writes, "in the lofts . . . others in the loose boxes intended for the horses. We had no bedsteads—no mattresses, even—but only straw. Half of the box was occupied by our table, our chairs, and our luggage. In the other half there was the straw—a thin supply of it—thrown upon concrete; and six men lay on the straw in a row. . . . We slept in our clothes."

*After the Dyke-Bursts in Holland: The Disastrous Flooding of the Country.*

1. A VILLAGE IN THE MIDST OF THE WATERS: RANSDORP, HALF AN HOUR FROM AMSTERDAM, FLOODED.

2. SOME OF THE 6000 BROUGHT TO EDAM AND MONNIKENDAM: COWS RESCUED.

3. BY BOAT FROM THEIR FARM: LEAVING HOME IN A FLOODED DISTRICT—A MILL IN THE DISTANCE.

4. WAITING FOR THE RESCUE-BOATS: WOMEN ON THE TOP FLOOR OF THEIR HOUSE.

The desolation caused by the recent floods in Holland is disastrous, and the damage, estimated in money, represents millions of pounds. The waters of the Zuider Zee, lashed by a hurricane from the north-west, burst the dykes and inundated great areas of cultivated land, which will take years to re-establish as of agricultural value. Queen

Wilhelmina visited, on January 17, many sufferers by the floods, in Broek-in-Waterland, Monnikendam, and Volendam; and Prince Henry visited Marken. Her Majesty went to the flooded region with a very small suite, in a motor-boat, and displayed the kindest interest in and sympathy with those who had suffered by the disaster.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N.







## WITH THE TURKS IN THE CRIMEA.

IT is a far cry to the Crimean War, and a book dealing with any phase of a campaign that has few, if any, survivors to-day might seem at first sight to be superfluous. But Dr. Thomas Buzzard, happily still with us, had just completed his training when the war broke out, and had the good fortune to be appointed to the medical staff that went out—making none of the indispensable preliminary arrangements with the Constantinople authorities—to assist the Turkish forces in the field. His personal narrative is now published by Murray, under the title, "With the Turkish Army in the Crimea and Asia Minor," and amply justifies the author. For lack of proper authority the work of the doctors was seriously hampered; but this unfortunate circumstance has no bearing upon the interest of the narrative. We know little of the Crimean War, for nobody has time to read Kinglake, and Florence Nightingale is little more than an honoured memory. Dr. Buzzard's story, reinforced by letters and diary, brings certain thrilling aspects of the contest vividly before us, and affords an interesting comparison between the conditions prevailing then and now. In the Crimea men saw their enemies, the General Commanding was visible with his staff to friends and foes. The author was one of the few men who knew that cholera is chiefly due to infected water, and was regarded as eccentric because he drank none that had not been boiled. Scurvy, typhus, and frost-bite devastated the ranks of the fighters; it was to disease and insufficient supplies that the greater part of the mortality was due. A telegraphic message from Paris to the Turkish front at Kamiesch Bay excited wonder and brought about the resignation of General Canrobert. When Dr. Buzzard was in Kertch, which had been looted by soldiers of many nations, and set on fire by the retreating Russians, he recognised in himself, and overcame, a powerful

inclination "to smash mirrors and windows and generally to spread destruction." This feeling appears to him, we think justly, to possess psychological interest. After the veritable epidemic of looting brought about by the present war, the significance becomes more apparent. It is worth noting that Omer Pasha, who commanded on the Danube, and later before Sevastopol, not only brought a part of his harem into the field, but also his German band! It is unnecessary to state that Dr. Buzzard speaks in warmest admiration of

appeal to him. His vivid and most interesting narrative betrays no other fundamental weakness.

"Burke's Peerage" for 1916 (Harrison and Sons), having been published early this month instead of just before Christmas, like some of its contemporaries, has been able to deal in the text with all successions to peerages and baronetcies, or extinctions thereof, up to Jan. 1, 1916. Thus it claims to be the only "Peerage" which brings the record of 1915 completely up to date. As may well be imagined, the labour of editing this great work has been much increased owing to the war, which has involved the recording of so many regrettable casualties, with consequent changes in succession, and also of so many well-earned distinctions and promotions. This fact in itself bears witness to the splendid spirit of patriotism with which the British aristocracy has acted on the principle of *noblesse oblige* in these momentous days. "The losses in battle," says Mr. Ashworth P. Burke in his preface, "have left no family unscathed."

Among new story-books for children an attractive example is one which is apparently of American origin—"The Kingdom of the Wind-ward Road," by Cornelia Meigs (Macmillan). It is a series of fairy-tales, with a not too obtrusive moral purport, that gather chiefly round the personality of a mysterious beggar who has the faculty of eliciting from the folks he meets an expression of their better selves. The book is well illustrated, in colour and line, by Francis White. Another book that will please young readers is the annual called "Golden Sunbeams," a church magazine for children (S.P.C.K.). Its contents, which are very varied, include war-stories and articles on natural history. There is a frontispiece in colour, and numerous other illustrations. The book is also commendable for its freedom from the gaudy-goodness which is not to the taste of the modern child.



THE REPORTED MONTENEGRIN SURRENDER: KING NICHOLAS; OTHER MONTENEGRIN ROYALTIES; THE KING OF ITALY; AND THE SERBIAN CROWN PRINCE.

The notable personages in our photograph include their Majesties King Nicholas I. and Queen Milena of Montenegro, in the national dress (centre); his Majesty the King of Italy, whose Consort is Princess Helen, daughter of King Nicholas (on the right); and the Crown Prince Alexander of Serbia (seated on the ground), whose mother, the late Queen Zorka, who died in 1890, was a daughter of King Nicholas.

Photograph by Sport and General.

the Turk's native kindness, his heroism in the field, his stoicism in suffering, his courage in meeting death without complaint; for all who know the Turkish soldier well enough confirm the verdict. There is only one blot on the author's scutcheon: he makes the sinister confession that ripe, black olives make no

appeal to him. His vivid and most interesting narrative betrays no other fundamental weakness.

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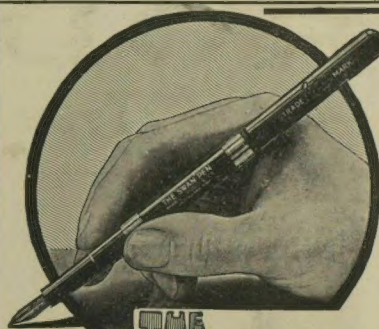
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Prices from 10/6.

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## THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

**Some Figures.** Although everybody knows the American motor industry deals in big figures, we in Europe do not realise how immense they are. I purpose, therefore, to give a few facts, as revealed in a report on the motor trade in the U.S.A. for 1915. It will serve also to show the competition our British, Canadian, and other Imperial car-makers have to deal with. The gross production of motor-vehicles during last year was 703,500, being 198,400 more than the previous year's output. Our British total in the best year before the war never reached 50,000. But to return to the American output. Out of this total, 665,826 were pleasure-cars, and 37,674 industrial vehicles. The average value of the pleasure-cars was about £165, while the estimated gross value of motor exports reached the total of £20,000,000. Of this huge sum, nearly two-thirds were paid for the commercial motor-lorry, showing how largely the war has helped this trade. The proportion of motor-vehicles per head of the American population is as 1 is to 48, and per square mile as 1 to 11.3. The year's tyre-consumption is about 8,000,000, and that of oil about 20,000,000 gallons and about 13,000,000 barrels. While there are 236 makers of pleasure-cars, there are 257 firms producing industrial vehicles, this number including some who make both types. Michigan is the centre of this industry, and the town of Detroit represents the Coventry of England. This district has over 51,000 wage-earners distributed over 60 factories, but there are in all 34 States in which motor-factories exist. This means that on the production side there must be 420,000 factory hands, not including the 27,700 dealers, garage men, those employed at the stores, and the tyre and accessory workmen.

**Slump Feared.** At the present time motor-manufacturers in America are seriously considering the reduction of their output programme. Now various reasons are being put forward for this step, and no doubt each and all have some part in deciding the U.S.A. manufacturers to go steady for a while. In the first place, there is some talk of

their not being able to get sufficient of the raw materials they require. Others suggest that after the war the Western Allies will form a sort of customs union among themselves, and so shut out the goods they do not necessarily require from the Central Allied enemy nations,

and probably will see others in due course. But it is not the export trade that the Americans fear for; it is their own home market. Are they going to be able to maintain the demand or satisfy it at the usual current prices? That is the question, as the prices of raw materials and plant have much increased; labour is getting short, as there is no great number of emigrants to the United States nowadays, so the annual increase of the population will fall—greatly fall, I expect—below the normal figures. In this country the average price for a touring-car is much above £165, which is what the American expects to buy his for, and I suppose that the U.S.A. motorist expects to get his car, fitted complete, for less money each year.

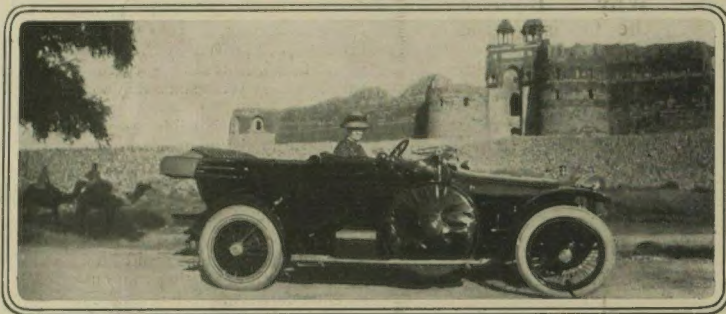


DOING GOOD SERVICE AT THE FRONT: LIGHT ARROL-JOHNSTON LORRIES.

Our illustration shows a contingent of light Arrol-Johnston lorries, supplied to the Hunts Cyclist Battalion, which have done remarkably good service at the Front.

and that this will affect the American motor-car equally. To meet that these American firms will endeavour to keep the British and Allied business by setting up

I respect the Censor, or I would give them the straight tip. But the war has made all the tool-makers the busiest people—with the ammunition works—in the world, and so these American motor-works cannot get the new plant they need. I quote a motor trade journal on this point: "Curiously, it is in this respect [plant] that there seems most concern, which suggests that the up-to-date wisdom and policy of the American manufacturers in continuing to use only first-grade standardised materials, by increasing output facilities, thereby also cheapening the cost per head, is being continued in a quarter where a setback was least to be expected. There is some complaint on such scores as delayed plant, and enhanced price of it, and of contracts for material which is being found impossible to discharge by those concerned." Well, as many Britishers in these islands and across the seas prefer to buy cars of British make if possible, they may not care very much if the output is reduced by one half. The New York Show, which closed a fortnight ago, showed that there were costing under 1000 dollars—that is, £200—out of 324 models offered to the public.—W. W.



AN ADMIRABLE CAR FOR INDIA: A STRAKER-SQUIRE IN DELHI.

This handsome 15-20-h.p. Straker-Squire car is owned by Mr. R. H. Sears, of Tis Hazari House, Delhi. The building seen is in one of the seven cities of Delhi (the new capital now being constructed is the eighth), and was the citadel of Humayun, the father of Akbar, the Great Moghul, and was on the banks of the Jumna, but the river has now changed its course by a mile or more.

factories or assembling-shops, or perhaps both, in Europe. We have already seen one example of it here in England,

108 models staged



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**The Youngster:** What's that?

**Dunlop:** Believe in other people's experience occasionally instead of always buying your own.

**The Youngster:** You mean?

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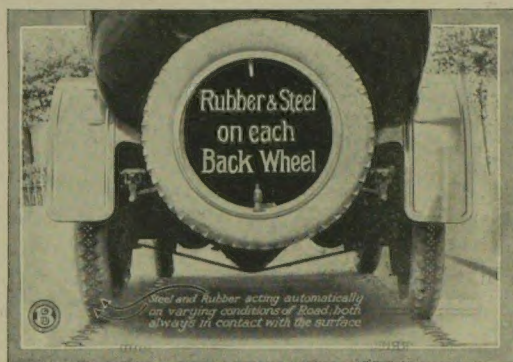
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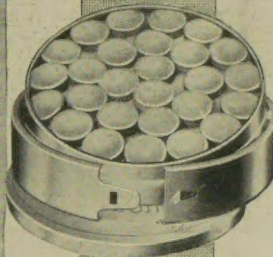
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We will send post free to ANY address at the Front a tin of these delicious and sustaining food tablets on receipt of 1/6. Give FULL name and address to which you wish the ration sent, also state your own name and address, and write plainly.

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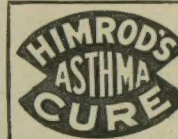
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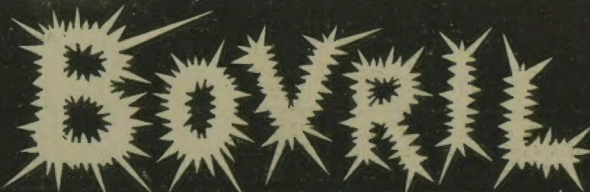
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## THE PLAYHOUSES.

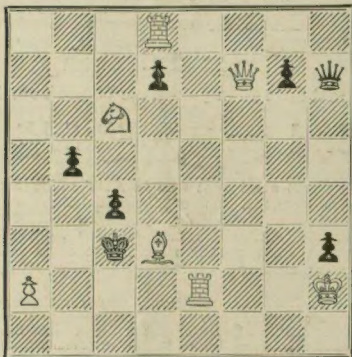
## A NEW PORTIA AT THE STRAND.

THE misfortune which robbed Mr. Matheson Lang of the services of Miss Hutin Britton in his "Merchant of Venice" revival has had its compensations for players, since it has provided an opportunity for the discovery of a new and very delightful Portia. Miss Lilian Braithwaite it is who has provided the surprise, and we have to go back to the days of Ellen Terry's prime to match the pleasure this lady of Belmont gives to her audience. Not that Miss Braithwaite's performance can compare with her great predecessor's in gaiety and high spirits. Hers is a romantic, girlish Portia, in personal attractiveness all that could be desired, blessed with the right sort of quiet dignity, and singularly authoritative in the last scene. Grave with the gravity of youth attempting a big task, this Portia in wig and gown pronounces the Mercy speech in measured, magisterial tones, as if each sentence were an indictment of the Jew. Thus there is individuality as well as poetic charm in her reading.

## CHESS.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3721.—BY Y. KONTUNEMI.

- WHITE  
1. P to Q 8th (becomes B)  
2. P to Kt 8th (becomes R)  
3. R to Kt 6th (mate).
- BLACK  
K to B 3rd  
K to Q 3rd

PROBLEM No. 3724.—BY W. A. CLARK.  
BLACK.

WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

## CHESS IN LONDON.

Game played at the City of London Chess Club, between Messrs. G ATKINS and W H WATTS.

(Two Knights' Game.)

- WHITE (Mr. A.) BLACK (Mr. W.)  
1. P to K 4th P to K 4th  
2. Kt to K B 3rd Kt to Q B 3rd  
3. B to B 4th Kt to B 3rd  
4. P to Q 3rd  
Converting the opening into a Giuoco Piano, as is often the case with this defence.  
5. B to K 3rd B to Kt 3rd  
6. Kt to B 3rd P to Q 3rd  
7. P to K R 3rd Q Kt to R 4th  
8. B to Kt 3rd Kt takes B  
9. R P takes Kt P to B 3rd  
10. Castles P to K R 3rd  
11. Q to K 2nd Castles  
12. Kt to Q R 4th B to B 2nd  
13. P to B 4th Kt to K sq  
14. Kt to B 3rd P to K B 4th

We can see no compensation here for the loss of the Q R P. Anyway, P to Q Kt 3rd should be played first.

15. B takes Q R P P to Q Kt 3rd  
16. P to Kt 4th P to B 4th  
17. Kt P takes B P Q takes P  
18. Kt to Kt 5th B to Kt 2nd  
19. P to Q Kt 4th B P takes K P  
20. P takes P Q to K 2nd  
21. Q to K 3rd R to B 5th

More formidable in appearance than reality. The Rook is a helpless piece once it is entangled amongst hostile Pawns, and here it combines with nothing.

22. Kt to Q 2nd R to Q sq  
23. P takes P Q takes P  
24. Q takes Q P takes Q  
25. K R to Q sq B to Q 3rd

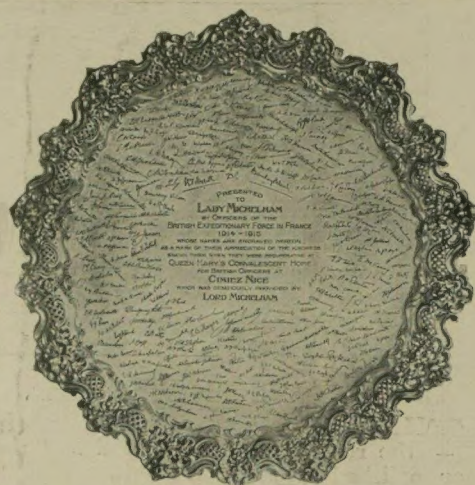
W. 19, M.A. Section, R.E., 3rd Army Headquarters, B.E.F., France.

Jan. 4, 1916.

SIR.—Could I ask through the medium of your column, if any reader has a set of chess-men to spare? In my billet there are four players, and a game would be much appreciated during the long evenings. Thanking you in anticipation, I am, Yours faithfully, SAPPER D. JOHNSTON. 78349.

Figures talk, and those given in the following letter tell their own tale: "Gentlemen,—We see that, according to statements in the Press, cocoa exports to Holland, Denmark, and Scandinavia have been, in 1915, 34,520,987 lb. The vast bulk of these exports is, we believe, raw cocoa, the export of which we never touch. Our exports of prepared cocoa have been as follows—1915, 56,030 lb., which were in fulfilment of contracts made in 1914. We have

consistently advocated, both in the Press and in interviews with Government departments, the prohibition of exports of cocoa to the above countries during the war. Our chocolate exports to the above countries during the period



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